



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07490486 7



**The New York  
Public Library**

ASTOR, LENOX, AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





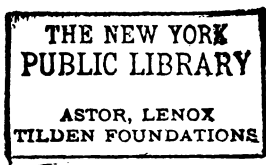


WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS  
I THEE ENDOW.

Now

NCW

KENNY & CO., PRINTERS,  
25, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.







" HE HAD MET HER DURING HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE ;  
AND THERE, BY A RUINED FOUNTAIN, HE HAD PLIGHTED  
TO HER HIS TROTH." P 14.

*Not in R.D.*  
*2/30-28*  
*45*  
HE—"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS  
I THEE ENDOW."  
*C*

SHE—"BUT, WHAT IS WRITTEN IN THE LAW,  
HOW READEST THOU?"

A NOVEL.  
*D*

BY  
G. WASHINGTON <sup>*or*</sup> MOON, HON.F.R.S.L.  
*1*

---

SECOND EDITION.

---

**London:**  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED.  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL;  
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK.

1890.  
*18*  
*1890*

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

271135A

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1928 L

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

I DEDICATE THIS, MY FIRST NOVEL,  
TO

THE MEMORY OF  
MY FATHER,  
WHO DIED ON SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1829,  
SIXTY YEARS AGO!

*EHEU! FUGACES LABUNTUR ANNI.*



## PREFACE.



I DO not expect that there will be unanimity of opinion on the legal question raised in this novel; for, I tentatively submitted the matter to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and also to one of the most eminent of our Q.C's.; and I found the opinions of these respective representatives of the Church and of the Law to be diametrically opposed to each other;—the Church holding that she is perfectly justified in instructing the husband to say to his bride, “*With all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*”, while the Law characterizes those words as a blasphemous lie, as gross as is that other which is uttered by a Bishop when, in the service of the ordering of priests, he says to the young candidate for holy orders, “*Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.*”

I shall be glad if this novel be the means of drawing public attention to this scandal, and causing it to cease. Either the Church of England, knowing, as she does, that she has not the support of the Law for what she states in the endowment clause of the marriage contract, should strike out of her ritual the words which lay her open to the serious charge of wilfully taking the name

of GOD in vain, and teaching the husband to begin his married life by lying to his bride; or the Law should recognize the binding nature of the endowment clause, as much as she recognizes the binding nature of the rest of the marriage contract; for, failing this, the validity of the Church of England marriages may gravely be called in question, because it is an axiom in Law that a contract which is not binding in *every* clause, is not binding in *any* clause. Therefore, if the endowment clause be declared void, the whole is void; and the marriage ceremony, as performed in the Established Church, is a delusion and a snare by which every woman who, professedly, has been "*married*" according to its forms, has really been entrapped into concubinage, for she is no wife, and therefore her children are illegitimate; and nine-tenths of the titles and inherited estates in England are not in the possession of their rightful owners.—See pp. 81-94, 211, and 254-261.

So much by way of explanation of the purport of the story; now let me say a word to borrowers of books:—

Do you not, upon reflection, think it strange, dear readers, that you, who fairly claim to be considered liberal and just, have hitherto held it to be perfectly allowable to *borrow* a book, notwithstanding that you were well able to purchase it? Or, rather, is it not strange that you have never thought about it at all? Permit me, then, to speak to you upon the subject;

and let me ask you kindly to pardon the freedom of my remarks.

To me, it seems that if a book is not your own by right of purchase or of gift, you ought, in honour, to abstain from reading it, unless it belongs to a public library. You can have no just claim to be put into possession of the author's thoughts if you are able, but yet unwilling, to pay for them.

Consider the labour which any "work" of fiction, that is worthy of the name, entails:—there is the preparation for it, probably by years of patient research and observation,—for, all knowledge is brought into requisition by an author;—the careful study of life and character, and of nature, animate and inanimate; the storing of the mind with ideas worthy of being imparted, and with arguments powerful for the enforcing of truth; the involving and evolving of the plot of the story; the selection and due arrangement of subordinate incidents to be recorded, and illustrations to be given; and the clothing of the whole in suitable language, as evidenced in the preservation of the idiosyncracies of the speakers, in a clear recital of events, in forcible appeals, in logical reasonings, in graphic delineations, in scenic effects, in graceful allusions, and in poetic imagery; and, in considering all this, you will, I think, admit that it is small enough remuneration which an author receives from the sale of his work—a few pence per copy—; and that you ought not to deprive him of that, and yet seek to



benefit by his labours. You are not bound to read the book ; but, if you do read it, let it be a copy to which you have equitably entitled yourself by purchase, or one which you have received as a gift.

I once knew a person,—happily, he was what Juvenal calls a “*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*,”—who was mean enough, and callous enough, to ask even an author ! for the loan of one of his works. If that person could have realized, and have been made to feel, the contempt which his request raised in the author’s mind, his self-respect would have been utterly withered by it ; but, unfortunately, such persons are as destitute of sensitiveness, as they are of honour. Let no one pander to their meanness. They are of the class of persons who “button-hole” a solicitor, and, because he is a friend, try to get out of him, by a casual remark, a legal opinion which they have not the candour to own that they need, or the manliness to offer to pay for.

I would say, then, to all,—“Take the reviewers’ opinions of this, or of any other work ; if those opinions are so favourable that they induce in you a desire to read the work, surely, in these days of cheap literature, you may, without serious risk, invest in the purchase of a copy ; but if the reviewers’ opinions are adverse, you may, without loss, forego the reading of the work, and save your money and your time for a better investment.

G. W. M.

# CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. A Quaker's indignation ... ..	1
II. A Bishop's lie—priestly absolution... ..	3
III. A deceived bride ... ..	8
IV. Daybreak after a storm ... ..	12
V. A meeting of lovers ... ..	15
VI. An ivy-covered cottage ... ..	19
VII. A lover's quarrel.—A broken heart... ..	22
VIII. A tragedy ... ..	28
IX. An elopement ... ..	34
X. Parting of lovers.—A sagacious dog ... ..	38
XI. Moonlight.—A serenade ... ..	43
XII. An overruling Providence ... ..	46
XIII. A Quaker's Meeting.—Roman Catholicism ... ..	51
XIV. The Sea.—A dream ... ..	58
XV. A <i>lapsus lingue</i> .—Practical jokes ... ..	63
XVI. The Château d'Arques ... ..	66
XVII. An irate Frenchman.—A true friend ... ..	70
XVIII. At Dieppe ... ..	74
XIX. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" ... ..	77
XX. The trial, Askwyth v. Askwyth ... ..	83
XXI. After the trial ... ..	95
XXII. A musical evening at the ivy-covered cottage ... ..	97
XXIII. Sportsmen and their "game."—An old crow ... ..	110
XXIV. The dream repeated ... ..	119
XXV. Off to the Sahara ... ..	124
XXVI. An adventure in the ladies' compartment... ..	127
XXVII. On prayer.—Twilight in the desert... ..	132
XXVIII. Arabs and camels ... ..	138
XXIX. Dreams.—The unity of God.—The Scriptures ... ..	144
XXX. Address to the Dicty.—Herculean feats ... ..	149

CHAP.	PAGE
XXXI. Chastity and strength. — Church teachings. — Eternity ... ..	156
XXXII. The mirage of the desert.—Slavery ... ..	165
XXXIII. Casting out a devil ... ..	170
XXXIV. Night in the desert.—The captive rescued ...	174
XXXV. At Tripoli.—The Mediterranean.—Prayers at sea	184
XXXVI. God is Love, and God is Might ... ..	191
XXXVII. The Convent at Walmer ... ..	197
XXXVIII. Deeds, not Words.—True worship ... ..	200
XXXIX. A double engagement.—The appeal ... ..	208
XL. Nature in summer and in winter ... ..	213
XLI. Woman's love.—The child stolen by gipsies ...	219
XLII. Keep on good terms with conscience ... ..	227
XLIII. The chase after the gipsy.—His capture and death	234
XLIV. The gift of sleep.—Vows: binding or not... ..	240
XLV. The Athanasian creed.— <i>Christ</i> -ianity.—Who shall roll away the stone?—Still with Thee... ..	245
XLVI. The appeal in "Askwyth v. Askwyth" ... ..	254
XLVII. "Sister" Winifred in the Convent ... ..	262
XLVIII. Vows of chastity.—By the sad sea waves ... ..	267
XLIX. The rescue from the Convent ... ..	277
L. Dovedale Castle.—The triple wedding ... ..	282



# WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW.

---

## CHAPTER I.

“It is a blasphemous lie,” muttered Ernest Aldam, as with evident indignation and impatience he rose and left the church, greatly to the astonishment of the innocents, who believe that every utterance of a bishop is gospel.

It has been said that “Men go in flocks like sheep, each asking what the old bell-wether will do.” Not so, the fearless searchers after truth; and such was Ernest Aldam.

He, like the noble Bereans of old, took no man’s *ipse dixit* for gospel; he “searched the Scriptures daily to see whether those things were so.”

He believed that there is truth in the Bible, especially in that passage which says, “All men are liars”; though, with his naturally logical mind, he reasoned with himself that, if all men are liars, the speaker himself was a liar; how, then, can we know that he spoke the truth?

Ernest Aldam was a young barrister of about

eight-and-twenty years of age, of manly bearing, and having a frank expression of countenance which was an accredited passport to every one's confidence.

He was of an old Yorkshire family; and his ancestors were spiritually minded Quakers who, in the licentious days of the Restoration, had protested boldly against the debasing corruptions of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," as evidenced in men's lives; and had bravely contended for the maintenance of purity of thought and kindliness of action, regardless that their protests and their example so incensed those in authority that they committed them to prison.

And to prison, cheerfully they went for conscience sake; and deemed themselves honoured by being called upon to suffer in the cause of Him who had voluntarily suffered for them.

No afflictions moved them from their purpose to lead holy lives; and the tempest of persecution, which swept over them and their companions in tribulation, only made the roots of their faith strike more deeply, and lay hold more firmly upon the Rock of Ages; and Ernest, in true devotion of heart, was prepared, if needful, to follow in their steps. Their record is on high.



## CHAPTER II.

“Why! Ernest, my good fellow, what’s the matter? You seem ruffled,” said Harold Hope, as he met his friend just leaving St. James’s, Piccadilly.

“Ruffled,” replied Ernest, “I may well seem ruffled. There is nothing that so ruffles the calm depths of a fellow’s mind, as does the blast of the breath of a lie.”

“But, surely,” said Harold, “you have not been hearing any lie in church?”

“Indeed, I have,” said he; “and one of the most blasphemous lies that ever were uttered.”

“You surprise me,” remarked his friend.

“Very likely,” said Ernest; but it is a fact. The Bishop of London just now laid his hands on the head of one of a number of young candidates for the priesthood, and said to him, ‘Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.’

“If that is not a lie, I should like to know what is. And it is not only a lie; but, being a lie, it is a blasphemy also, and a blasphemy of the most heinous character, for it is blasphemy uttered by a bishop officiating before the altar of the church of God!”

“Stop a bit,” said his friend, “may it not be a *suppressio veri*, rather than a lie? the bishop’s meaning, perhaps, being somewhat as follows; the qualifying clauses being

suppressed :—‘Whose sins thou dost forgive, [*and I know that none can forgive sins but GOD only,*] they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain [*and thou art equally powerless to retain, as thou art to forgive*] they are retained’ ?”

“Really!” exclaimed Ernest, “if that is the best excuse that you can make for the bishop, you do him but little honour by advancing it. For myself, I prefer the boldness of a lie, to the cowardice of a prevarication, which, after all, is but a lie dressed in the stolen garb of truth.

“No; the words are an echo of the very words of Christ to his apostles, and therefore are intended to have the same meaning as those have. But if the clergy, in virtue of their being the apostles’ successors, as they call themselves, claim to have the power to forgive sins, why do they not, on the same ground, claim to have also the power to raise the dead, Christ’s commission to his apostles being, ‘Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give’ ?

“But there is no record that Christ ever gave to the apostles authority to delegate to others any one of the powers conferred upon themselves.

“The clergy’s power to forgive sins is as baseless as is their power to raise the dead. Can it be that they elect to claim the former, because the fact of a man’s sins being forgiven does not admit of either proof or disproof ?

while they dare not claim the power to raise the dead, because they know that their claim could be put to the proof, and immediately would vanish 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.'

"The whole thing is a blasphemous assumption of one of the prerogatives of the Deity. 'Who can forgive sins but GOD only?' For man, the sinner, to presume to take upon himself this divine power, and to tell another sinner like himself that he can confer the power upon him, is absurd enough to make one laugh, and would do so, were it not that it is, at the same time, awful enough to make one shudder.

"We may, and must, forgive the faults and failings, and short-comings, and wrong-doings, of our fellow creatures; but *sin* is the irreligiousness of the wrong-doing, the disregard of the command of GOD to love one another, and therefore is the essence of the offence, and that which, being committed against GOD, only GOD can forgive.

"I hope that I am not boring you?" added Ernest.

"Not at all; I am deeply interested," said his friend; "for if the clergy had the power to forgive sins, they could each forgive himself his own sins. Why not? And that would be a pretty state of things!"

"A pretty state of things, indeed!" said Ernest.

"But, which way are you going?"

"I am going to my club," said Harold.



"I will walk with you."

"Do," said he, "for, your remarks bring to my recollection something of importance which I have to say to you."

"First let me add to my remarks," said Ernest, "that I am far from classing all clergymen of the Church of England in the same category. I know intimately many glorious exceptions—men who are sincere searchers after truth for its own sake, and who are as much astonished at my disbelief in certain dogmas, as I am in my friends' credulity.

"The fact is, men's minds are not alike; therefore, in the very nature of things, their faiths must be dissimilar. No man can see through another man's eyes.

"Salvation by faith, therefore—that is, by *intellectual* faith—is impossible. GOD will neither save us nor damn us for that which we cannot help.

"The faith that saves is the loving trust of the heart,—'with *the heart* man believeth unto righteousness,' not with *the intellect*.

"It is this fact that makes so objectionable the formulation of creeds to which all are expected to subscribe."

"But," said Harold, "you surely hold that all clergymen of the Church of England believe the thirty-nine articles to which they subscribe?"

"Most certainly I do not," replied Ernest; "no,

nor one tithe of them. What! All believe in priestly absolution? All believe in the eternity of Hell's torments? All believe that a priest, by sprinkling water on a baby's face can regenerate its heart? Has common sense left the world? Thank GOD! no.

"There are, in the Church of England, thousands of honest, GOD-fearing clergymen to whom these doctrines are an abomination."

"How, then," said Harold, "do they bring themselves to subscribe to the truth of those thirty-nine articles?"

"Ah! there you beat me," replied Ernest. "I do not know. It is an enigma which I cannot solve; but I can imagine a poor soul, which trustingly had leaned on the teaching of some bishop as his master, tremblingly taking up similar words to those of Naaman of old, and saying, as he enters upon his ministerial duties, 'In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, when I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.'"



### CHAPTER III.

The two friends turned down by the church, crossed Jermyn Street, St. James's Square, and Pall Mall ; and then sauntered leisurely up and down Carlton Terrace, where, undisturbed by noise, they could continue the conversation.

"How came you," said Harold, "to be attending such a service as that to which you just now referred?"

"I take a great interest in young fellows starting on any new course ; and I was desirous of knowing what instructions and admonitions were given to young clergymen," said Ernest.

"Do you," asked Harold, "take an equal interest in young maidens starting on a new course, young brides, for instance? I have a reason for putting the question," continued Harold, and waited for his friend's reply.

"Certainly I do," said Ernest ; "and a more tender interest. Why do you ask?"

"Because your remark respecting the service for the ordering of priests reminds me of a trouble which a very dear friend of mine is in, and of my promise to aid her to the utmost of my power."

The speaker, Harold Hope, was a young solicitor who

had been a college chum of Ernest's; and the friendship of their college life had been maintained by frequent intercourse ever since.

He was junior partner in the well-known firm of honourable solicitors, Stanhope, Leslie & Hope of Lincoln's Inn, and had married old Mr. Stanhope's elder daughter.

"If I can assist you in the matter," said Ernest, "pray command my services. What is the trouble?"

"Little more than two years ago," replied Harold, "in that very church where you have just been, my sister-in-law was married to the son of a wealthy client of ours. He had recently succeeded to his father's estates, and the marriage was looked upon as one that gave promise of great happiness.

"But, differences arose between them, and finally he left his wife and child; and has now gone abroad with a young widow whose Jezebel face has so bewitched him that he has placed himself, body and soul, in her power, and has actually assigned to her, by deed of gift, the whole of his estates.

"And now comes the question concerning which I shall be glad to have your professional assistance:—

"Had he power to do so? Did he not, in the marriage ceremony, in the most solemn words that it is possible to utter, endow his bride with all his worldly goods, so that he had not power to alienate them?

"The words which he used were these:—'*With all*

*my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen !*

“And, as evidence of that contract, they signed their names in the books kept in the vestry for that purpose.

“Is not that a prior deed of gift; or is it also, like the other matter, a solemn blasphemous farce, in which GOD’s name is taken in vain? If so, the Church, as by law established, is responsible for it; the words having been put into the mouth of the speaker by the officiating clergyman.”

The young barrister knit his brow. The introduction of this matter just after the discussion of the other, was indeed “piling Ossa upon Pelion.”

He was silent for some minutes; and his friend watched him intently, and waited for his reply.

At last he said, “This is a very serious matter, and one which requires grave consideration; for on it hang most momentous issues.

“Thus much I will venture to affirm:—Either there has been committed a gross misappropriation of property, to call it by no stronger term; or a trusting woman has been basely deceived as to her rights, by what I can describe by no fitter appellation than as another blasphemous lie instigated by the Church; and for which the Church is responsible; or else the Church is right, and the commonly received interpretation of the law as to a wife’s property is wrong.

“In simple honesty, the contracting parties ought

III.] I THEE ENDOW.

to have explained to them the nature of the covenant embodied in the words which the Church puts into their mouths and requires them to asseverate by an appeal to the Deity, and to ratify with their signatures; and more especially so, if the words are not intended to have their obvious signification.

“I must think over the matter, Harold; and will write to you in a few days, giving you my decision.”

The friends parted; Harold going to his club, and Ernest going to his chambers in New Burlington Street.



## CHAPTER IV.

Ernest Aldam could not sleep that night. His brain, always intensely active, was fearfully excited by the righteous indignation of his soul, and by the momentous issues which he foresaw might result from the case brought before him—momentous, not merely to his client, but likewise to countless thousands of others who had been married in the Church of England.

As was his wont, when sleeplessness told him that his brain was dangerously excited, he resolved to take an early morning train into the country; a resource that had never failed to bring him the needed rest.

He tossed about until half-past three in the morning, then rose, drew up the blind, and flinging open the rain-gemmed window, looked out.

The night had been stormy, and the angry roar of the retreating thunder of heaven's artillery was heard in the distance. But the battle of the elements was over, and dark hurrying clouds—those camp-followers of the storm—borne along by the violence of the pursuing wind, swept sullenly, but swiftly, over the sky; while the scattered cloud-squadrons revealed, through their serrated ranks, the sentinel stars brightly burning like camp-fires of heaven.

Ernest was quickly dressed; and, with knapsack slung over his shoulder, was soon out of doors.

No vehicles or pedestrians marred the long vistas of the deserted streets, the innumerable lamp-lights of which were reflected on the shining pavements still wet with the recent rain.

Less than an hour's walk took him to the Liverpool street station, where he was in ample time for the five o'clock train to Cromer.

The grey dawn was breaking; and, as the train sped away from town into the pure air of the country, the gradually increasing daylight gave Ernest the impression that the train was bearing him away from darkness into a land of light and beauty.

The rain-drops sparkled in the beams of the rising sun, and their splendour scintillated on the leaves to which they clung, as the boughs were swayed by the passing wind which, having moderated to a gentle breeze, was kissing the half-drowsy, perfume-laden flowers.

All nature rejoiced: the night mists had rolled away; the trees appeared to waltz round each other in very gladness, as the train flew along; the larks soared on high, singing as they soared, their song seeming to Ernest's devout mind, to be at the same time a tribute of praise to the Creator, and a shower of blessing to the earth.

By ten o'clock the train was at Cromer, and over the undulating green hills, on the coast, the sea was seen



flashing back the glorious sunlight, as if her jewelled bosom heaved with exulting adoration.

Ernest, leaving the railway on his left, turned his steps towards the thickly-wooded country that stretches inland.

Passing the beautiful home of Locker-Lampson, the author of those clever *vers-de-société*, entitled "London Lyrics," he was soon in shady lanes embowered with trees.

But why had he chosen this retired corner of the country in which to seek that rest which his overwrought brain needed?

Was it that in the neighbourhood of Cromer there was a greater attraction than all the beauties of nature and the freshness of the ocean air?

Ah! yes; an attraction which is the mightiest on earth—the irresistible attraction of a woman's love.

Here dwelt the one being whose soul went out to him with all the yearning affection of a woman's loving nature, and to whom his own noble heart bowed in unselfish devotion. He had met her during his travels in Greece; and there, by a ruined fountain, he had plighted to her his troth, and their attachment was an interchange of perfect trust—a summer sky unflecked by a single cloud; for, the chilling mists, which occasionally settle on life's greenest paths, were never suffered to rise and form themselves into clouds; they were dissipated instantly by the warmth and sunlight of perfect love.

## CHAPTER V.

Ernest had telegraphed to Helena that he should be with her by about ten o'clock; and soon the fluttering of a maiden's garments at the end of the quiet green lane, told him of the impatience of the gentle heart that hurried to lessen the distance between them.

They met in a rapturous embrace, Ernest folding her to his manly breast, and kissing her dear lips with passionate eagerness, while each read in the other's eyes the blissful story of unalterable affection.

"O, Ernest," said Helena, "this is indeed happiness!"

"Happiness to us both," replied Ernest, "as all our happiness should be. Joy would not be joy to me, my darling, if you did not share it."

She took his arm, clasping it close to her bosom in very lovingness as they walked along, her upturned eyes still resting with unutterable gladness on that noble face whose every lineament was so dear to her.

She was of a Grecian type of beauty, well befitting her name; and her dark lustrous eyes spoke of a soul of intense sensibility.

"And what has brought you down?" she asked.

"The train, of course," said he, laughing in boyishness of heart, as he looked into her sparkling eyes, so bright with happiness, and saw their gladness kindle afresh beneath the light of his sunny smile.

“But why did you come?” she asked, locking both her hands on his arm, and turning more fully to him her lovely face, radiant with the hope of hearing yet again those words of affection for which the insatiable hunger of her fond heart yearned.

“Need you inquire, dearest? Does not your own love answer the question which it prompts you to ask?”

“Your affection for me, Helena, is the light of my existence, irradiating, with its beauty, life’s darkest days; and, as the humblest plant turns to the light for its very life, so my whole being longs for your presence and lives but in your smile.”

Thy sunny smile is life to me,  
I live but in thy love;  
As flowers live in heaven’s smile,  
Of sunlight from above.

Thy gentle voice my fond heart thrills  
With music’s sweetest tone,  
Awak’ning love’s rich echoes there,  
Responsive to thine own.

Thy graceful form more beauteous seems  
To me each time we meet;  
And all my being, lowly bows,  
In worship at thy feet.

But fair as is thy lovely face,  
More lovely is thy soul,  
And gives unto thy life a grace  
Which beautifies the whole.

"Dear Ernest," said Helena, "you think too highly of me ; still, it is very sweet to have the worship of a heart like yours. May GOD make me worthy of it.

"But you look worn, dear one ; I am afraid that you have been studying too much."

"I certainly had much to occupy my mind on Sunday," said Ernest ; "and I was so greatly excited by it that I could not sleep ; for I foresaw that probably I should be engaged in what might prove to be a very important suit."

"So at last you are likely to get your first brief?" said Helena excitedly, "I am so glad, for your dear sake;" and the tears of happiness came into her beautiful eyes,—tears, through which shone the sunlight of hope, causing the future to be spanned with a rainbow of promise.

"Yes, little maiden, I believe that it has come at last."

He then related to her his conversation with Harold Hope ; adding, "But I did not come down to talk of this matter ; except, darling, so far as it relates to our future. And he stooped and kissed away the tears of happiness that lingered on the long dark lashes, as if reluctant to leave their beautiful home.

"I came," said he, "for a little rest before the battle ; for into it I intend to throw my whole soul ; GOD's command to every man being, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

“GOD grant, then, dear Ernest, that it may be with you, as it was with good Hezekiah of old, of whom it is recorded that, ‘In every work that he began, he did it with all his heart, and prospered.’”

“Amen!” said Ernest, taking off his hat, and bowing his head in reverence.



## CHAPTER VI.

Thus conversing, they had arrived at the ivy-covered cottage, where Helena lived with her grandmother, an old lady of nearly three-score-and-ten years.

On opening the garden gate, a large black dog which Helena had refused to take with her, because she wanted Ernest all to herself, bounded out with frantic demonstrations of joy.

He was a cross between a retriever and a blood-hound and possessed of marvellous instinct.

"Well, Rover, my boy, you have not forgotten me, then," said Ernest, as he patted the faithful creature.

"What! you want my knapsack, do you? There, carry it in." And Rover bounded away, carrying the knapsack as an announcement of the arrival of his friend.

On approaching the jasmine-trellised portico, starry with flowers, they saw the dear old lady with beaming face, blue eyes, and snowy hair, standing there to welcome him.

It was a beautiful frontispiece to a charming story of home life told in that dwelling of peace and love.

The welcome greeting which Ernest received was most cordial.

"As you left London so early," said she, "I am sure you must be hungry; and breakfast will be ready for you in a few minutes."

"Many thanks," said Ernest, kissing the old lady's hand; "in the mean time, I should feel refreshed by a wash. I suppose it is the old room?"

"Yes, Rover will be proud to conduct you," said Helena; and, turning to the dog, she said to him, "Take the knapsack to Ernest's room, Rover." And Rover trotted up stairs carrying the knapsack with evident pride.

Ernest followed; and the dog, laying down his burden on the mat at the door of the room, looked up into his friend's face with an expression of gladness that said, in unmistakable dog-English, "I am delighted to see you."

The room was in accordance with the character of the owner of the cottage,—neatness itself.

An old-fashioned four-post bed with dimity curtains as white as snow, and a patch-work quilt, the labour of many a thoughtful hour in bygone days, stood facing the open lattice window, through which coyly peeped, and laughingly nodded, a bevy of young buds and blossoms of the maiden's-blush rose; while, on the dressing table, stood a quaint old china vase filled with sweet-scented jasmine, Ernest's favourite flower:—no need to ask who put it there.

His ablutions were soon over; and once more he and Rover, who had waited for him on the mat outside, were in the cosy breakfast room that looked down the garden.

Ernest's journey in the fresh morning air had given him a keen appetite ; and, to the old lady's delight, he did ample justice to the abundant repast spread before him ; a few stray morsels finding their way into Rover's expectant mouth.

The old lady was voluble in her inquiries as to his health, his studies, his sister, and, above all, his father, who had been a devoted lover of hers in the years long, long ago.

Ernest briefly, but with gentle courtesy, answered her questions, reserving for the gloaming the discussion of certain absorbing particulars upon which he did not desire to enter then.

The old lady smiled, knowing full well, from her own memory of a happy past, the natural longing of the young people to talk together of what to them was the all engrossing subject of their thoughts. So, with generous self-denial, she suggested that Ernest would like to see the ruins of the old church at East Beckham.

The lovers exchanged amused glances, remembering that they had visited the ruins when Ernest was last at Cromer ; but the old lady's memory failed her respecting events of recent date, though it retained vivid impressions of the circumstances of her early years. Probably this phenomenon is to be accounted for by the fact that in youth the mind is more plastic, and, therefore, the impressions which it receives are deeper, and consequently more lasting.



## CHAPTER VII.

They strolled along the green lanes, Rover bounding in front of them, now far ahead, then back again, then off once more, barking in exuberance of spirits; for he knew that it was the way to a pond in which he had had many a swim.

As for the lovers, little recked they which way they went, for, the whole world was to them a heaven of happiness.

"How interested dear grandmother is in your father," remarked Helena.

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale," said Ernest.

"Really?"

"Yes, really and truly; and a love tale, too. Did you never hear it?"

"No," said Helena; oh! do tell it me. But how singular that there should previously have been '*une affaire du cœur*' between the two families."

"Yes, it is singular, darling; but love is 'the old, old story'—a very sweet song, but not original."

"And yet it is a song that is ever new," said Helena; "the heart never wearies of it; the ear never cloy with its melody."

Ernest folded her to his breast, and kissed the dear lips that had uttered so sweet a sentiment; for in those quiet green lanes there was perfect privacy.

“But tell me the story, dear,” she said.

So Ernest related to her how that his father, on hearing of his engagement to her, had told him, with deep emotion, that fifty years ago he himself was engaged to her grandmother.

She was then eighteen, and he twenty-one. The wedding-day was fixed, but through some trifling quarrel, in which each was to blame, and each was too proud to ask the other's forgiveness, the engagement came to an end, and their hearts were well-nigh broken.

But the same pride that occasioned the quarrel, instigated the beautiful girl to accept the attentions of another lover, to whom she was subsequently married.

Ernest's father travelled abroad to forget his grief; and did not marry till twenty years after.

He was now a widower with a son and daughter, Ernest and Winifred; while she had lost both husband and child, whose only daughter, Helena, was the stay and comfort of her declining years.

“Thus,” said Ernest, “like as a little spring, rising on some mountain watershed, may, by the chance dropping into it of a stone, have its current diverted and divided into two streams which will flow, the one to the east, and the other to the west, never to meet again until their waters re-unite in the ocean; so, the current of two lives, that were lovingly flowing on together over some sunny upland of existence, may, by

a 'stone of stumbling or rock of offence,' be separated to meet no more till their glad waters re-unite, with bounding rapture, in the great ocean of eternity."

"Yes, that is too often so," said Helena; "but I trust that the two lives, which suggested your beautiful simile, will yet meet on earth and renew their love; for, grandmother has often said how much she should like to see your father."

Thus chatting, they strolled along; the chief subject of their conversation being the varying lights and shades of love that chequer the paths of human lives; just as the sunlight, glinting through the overhanging and intertwining branches of the trees that shaded them from the noontide heat, chequered the green lanes along which they were rambling.

They sat down to rest on a moss-covered bank, and Ernest said, "We ought to be as grateful, darling, for the shadows of life, as for its sunshine,—for the sorrows of our lot, as for its joys,—they are included in the 'all things' which 'work together for good to them that love GOD.'"

"Our heavenly Father is not in some things kind, and in others unkind: 'His compassions fail not.'"

"In saying this, I am not forgetful of my greatest grief, the loss of my poor sister, Winifred."

"Have you not heard from her?" asked Helena.

"No," said Ernest, with a choking sob; and, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

“O, Ernest, if you believe that all things are from God, and for our good, why are you so distressed?”

“Forgive me, Helena; the best of men are but men, at the best.”

Ernest's sister, Winifred, had been engaged to a young officer, not altogether with her father's approval, for he was a man of peace, and held the quaker opinion that the disputes of the world should, as far as possible, be settled by arbitration; and that if any nation refused to abide by the decision of the arbitrator, then, but not till then, the rest of the nations should take up arms against it, and dismember it; and the knowledge that the combination of all against one would certainly result in that one's losing its nationality, would ensure universal peace.

Ernest's father reminded his daughter, Winifred, that they that take the sword, often perish by the sword.

But when love has stormed the outposts, the citadel of reason capitulates to the invader; and thus it was that Winifred's heart was taken captive.

She and young Claude Howard were to be married in May; but an imperative order from the war office, for the immediate departure of his regiment for Egypt, necessitated the putting off of the wedding; and this was the less reluctantly complied with because it was believed that the insurrection in the Soudan would soon be quelled, and then Howard would return to claim his bride.

But the British troops met with unexpected reverses; and, after one of the fiercest engagements, Howard was among the "missing."

For months it was hoped that he had been taken prisoner; and large sums were offered for his release, but in vain,—he was heard of no more.

Poor Winifred spent her days and nights in prayer; and, at last, she, too, was among the "missing."

A note, bearing the postmark of "Walmer," was received by her distracted father. It ran as follows:—

CONVENT OF THE VISITATION, WALMER.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Forgive me the anguish which I know I shall cause you by the step I am about to take. I have prayed for death, that I might, in Heaven, the sooner meet Claude. But death is denied me; the grave may not shelter me from all that reminds me of my terrible loss. I have, therefore, chosen the living grave of a convent, where, shut in from all that connects me with the past, I may spend the remainder of my days in supplication for "patience under affliction, and a happy issue out of all life's trials." It rends open afresh the wound of my poor heart to part from you; but I am almost beside myself with grief. May God comfort you, and brighten your lot. For me, there is no comfort, no brightness; the light of my life has gone out!

Your grief-stricken,

WINIFRED.

As the awakened memory of all this rushed through Ernest's brain, he was convulsed with emotion.

Helena, seeing that his grief was very great, remained silent; but the loving pressure of her gentle hand told him of her sympathy.

At last, rousing himself, he said: "This is very weak; but the pent-up sorrow of my heart overmastered me.

"God give me strength to bear my trial."

"He will, He will," said Helena; "His word is, 'I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'"

Rover was lying at their feet; and, with almost human sympathy in his large brown eyes, he looked into Ernest's troubled face, then rose and licked his hand.

That action broke the spell; and Ernest, rising, assisted Helena, saying at the same time, "I am afraid I have been very selfish. I have indulged my own grief, and have made both you and Rover sad."

"There is a pleasure, even in sorrow," said Helena, "if shared with one whom we love; as says my poet lover:—

'Ah! dear to me,  
If shared with thee,  
Are even bitter tears.'

Ernest smiled at the quotation of his own words; and they thenceforth became especially dear to him, as having found an echo in the heart of the one whom he so loved.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Joy was restored ; and, amid its sunshine, Rover was not forgotten.

He stood by the gate leading to the pond ; and barking there, begged for a swim.

Ernest said, "Yes, you may go" ; and instantly he was over the gate.

But, no sooner had he cleared it, than a piercing scream was heard ; and the dog, attracted by the voice, bounded away through the wood, and Ernest after him.

By the time that he had reached the pond, Rover was climbing up the bank, dragging by its clothes a little child which he had just rescued from the water, while another child, a boy of four, was standing by the edge of the pond crying.

In a moment Helena was with them, and, having attended an ambulance class, and there learned what are the first aids to be rendered in case of accidents, had quickly restored the little girl to consciousness.

But Rover had plunged in again, and was excitedly swimming towards a distant object near the other side.

Leaving Helena with the two children, Ernest ran round, and the dog swam to him bearing the lifeless body of a woman.

Most tenderly, and with choking emotion, did Ernest lay the body on the grass.

There could be no doubt that she was dead,—dead, past recovery; and all that could be elicited from the little boy, was that they had walked a long way, and, being very tired, were sitting by the water when his mother fell in; and the child had tried some time to reach her, but could not; and then was running to call some one, when his little baby sister, snatching her tiny hand out of his, ran to the pond, saying, “I want Mamma.” In an instant she, too, was in the water; and it was his scream of terror that they had heard.

They left Rover to guard the dead body, and wrang the water out of the little girl’s frock. Then Ernest wrapping her in his coat, of which he had divested himself, carried her in his arms, while Helena took the hand of the little boy; and, with sorrowing hearts, they hastened towards home.

“I want to stay with Mamma,” sobbed the little boy.

“But Mamma is asleep,” said Helena, though it was with difficulty she spoke, her heart being so full: “Doggy will take care of Mamma.”

As they passed through the gate into the lane, they met two haymakers, to whom Ernest quickly told all that he knew of the sad affair, and begged them to return with him to the pond, with a hurdle from the fence, and carry the lifeless body to the cottage; for he could not think of leaving it there.

The two men willingly lent a helping hand, Ernest having first called away the dog. Then he and Helena



hastened home with the children, to break the news to Grandmother.

It is needless to say that the old lady was much shocked, but less so than a younger person would have been; for, our sensibilities, as well as our powers, become enfeebled by age.

Helena busied herself drying the clothes of the younger child, while old Margery, the servant, attended to the laying out of the poor dead woman.

It did not take Ernest long to get into Cromer; and the coroner arranged that an inquest should be held at the cottage on the following day.

Of course the chief witness was the little boy; and he went, with the jury, to the pond to explain how it happened.

They then returned to the cottage to "view the body." Apparently it was that of a woman of about five-and-twenty.

The features were classically beautiful, but bore traces of care; though then the expression was one of perfect rest, reminding Helena of some lines of Ernest's, descriptive of Eve's first sleep:—

"Her raven tresses shaded her pale cheek,  
And lay dishevelled on her beauteous breast  
White as the snow, and soft as summer cloud  
Warmed by the roseate hue of setting sun,  
And veined with heaven's own azure."

Alas! the "roseate hue" had paled to snowy white—

ness, and the warmth would never return to that then icily-cold breast.

There could be but one verdict, "accidental death"; and orders were given for the interment.

Ernest took upon himself the expense; and, in a grave in the quiet country churchyard, the body was reverently laid to rest, the beautiful features having first been photographed, with the view to identification, for, no one present knew her name. To the children she was simply "Mamma."

That evening Margery knocked at the parlour door, and entering, made an old-fashioned curtsy, and then laid on the table a locket which, she explained, she had taken off the neck of the poor lady (for such she evidently was,) and had retained, lest any of "them perlise," as she called them, should get it and keep it. She thought that it might help Mr. Ernest to find the poor dear children's friends.

It was a plain gold locket, on which was engraved the monogram D, surrounded by the motto:—*Astra castra, numen lumen.*

She added that she had kept also the poor lady's clothing, and had dressed the body in a garment which Miss Helena had given her.

Ernest thanked the old servant, and she left the room.

"This is most important evidence," he said; "and with the aid of the photograph, may lead to a solution of the mystery as to who she was."

Inside the locket was the portrait of an elderly gentleman with patrician features. Fortunately the locket fitted so closely that the water had not touched the portrait.

The boy was a very engaging little fellow; and, in answer to Helena's inquiries, said "Father painted pretty pictures; but he caught cold one day sitting with his feet in the wet grass; and then he was very ill a long time, and could not paint any more; and Mamma talked about a castle and somebody she called 'Earl'; and then he would cry, and look so sad at dear Mamma, and say 'My poor Lily!' and she fell on his neck and kissed him.

"The next day Mamma told me I could not see him, he had gone to Heaven.

"Then Mamma was very ill; and she cried all day long and all night, too; I know she did, for I heard poor Mamma sobbing in the dark when she thought I was asleep.

"But in the day time she wiped away her tears and kissed us.

"Mamma was ill many weeks, and when the landlady said she wanted the rooms, Mamma was obliged to get up; and she said 'I will arise and go to my father.'

"She was very weak, and we walked such a long way, and then sat down by the pond.

"Poor Mamma! Has she gone home to her father?"  
Helena could say only, "Yes, darling."

On the following day the little girl was very restless and feverish ; and, when the doctor came, he said that the child had taken a severe chill through falling into the water. The next day she was in a high state of fever.

Helena was unremitting in her attendance on the little sufferer, who was continually crying for mamma. "I want to go to Mamma."

On the fourth day she died : her little prayer was granted ; and they laid her on her mother's breast in the peaceful churchyard, and strewed the grave with flowers.



## CHAPTER IX.

It did not escape Ernest's observation, nor indeed Helena's, that the old lady, after her first shock on reading the motto on the locket, had been thrown into a kind of dreamy reverie.

She rarely started any conversation ; and, when spoken to, answered as if her thoughts were elsewhere.

Importuned with all lovingness by her grandchild and by Ernest to tell them the cause of her abstraction, she roused herself, as if from a trance, and to their great astonishment said,

"Yes ! I think I have a clue to the mystery ; but my mind has had to gather up the broken threads of memory ; and, tracing them to their sources, through a labyrinth of years, they have led me to the conclusion that the poor lady who perished so sadly was a relative of my own.

"The motto on the locket is certainly that of my cousin's family, the Dovedales ; and I remember now, that I heard of his having succeeded to the earldom through the deaths of several of the representatives of the eldest branch of the family.

"But I took no interest in the event, as I did not like my cousin ; for he was cruel and overbearing.

"Certainly the portrait in the locket bears a striking

likeness to him as he was when a young man ; though how to connect the deceased with him I do not know."

"There, I think, I can help you," said Ernest ; "for I well remember the reported case of an elopement of the only daughter of Earl Dovedale with a young artist who, while sketching in the park, had saved her life from an infuriated stag, by whipping off his coat, directly he saw the young lady's danger, and throwing it at the fore legs of the stag, round which it twined and threw the animal ; thus giving her time to escape.

"The earl was profuse in his acknowledgments of gratitude to her preserver ; and commissioned him to make various drawings of the castle, and invited him to remain as his guest until they were finished.

"The young artist did not hurry over the pictures ; for, the bright eyes of the earl's daughter always looked kindly on him ; and, an attachment springing up between them, he ventured to lay his suit before the earl, and ask for the hand of her whose life he had saved, and whose heart he had won.

"The earl was furious, for she was his only child, and he ordered him to leave the castle instantly.

"The young couple, who had feared this rebuff, had provided for the fulfilment of their vows to each other ; and that same night she eloped with her lover ; and, taking the night mail to London, they were the next morning married by special license at St. George's, Hanover Square.

"The earl heard of it when it was too late; and he forbade her the castle, and swore that he would never see her face again."

Ernest's first care in the morning was to hasten with the little boy to the village of Holt, where the child said they had been living; his object being to secure whatever property had belonged to the deceased, and had, he feared, been seized by the landlady for rent.

He was but just in time; for, the things were already in the carrier's cart to be taken to the neighbouring town for sale by auction.

He at once paid all charges, and returned to the cottage with the things.

What he was most anxious to find was the certificate of her marriage; but his search was, for a long time, in vain.

At last it, and also the certificates of the children's births, and various letters, were found beneath a false bottom in the travelling case; evidently forgotten by the distracted mother when she left; and they established, without doubt, that she was Lily, the only daughter of the Earl of Dovedale; and, consequently, that the little boy was his heir.

But, as the earl had shown himself so implacable towards his daughter, whose only fault was that she had given her hand to one who had saved her life; it was thought, at the cottage, that the earl was a very unsuitable man to have charge of his grandson.

Therefore they decided that as he had forbidden his daughter ever to enter the castle, so her child should not do so during his life, but should be brought up by them, and be educated in a manner befitting his rank. But that the old earl, for his cruelty to his daughter, should not know that any descendant of his would inherit the title and estates, lest he should demand the custody of the child.





## CHAPTER X.

All being settled with regard to the little foundling, Ernest said that he really must return to town to prosecute inquiries respecting the legal question that had been raised by his friend, Harold Hope, concerning the endowment clause in the marriage ceremony, as celebrated in the Church of England.

Putting into his knapsack the papers relating to the earldom of Dovedale, and laying it down in charge of Rover, whom he patted by way of saying "Good-bye" to the faithful creature, he went to take a fond farewell of Helena.

Tears stood in her eyes at the thought of parting from her devoted lover.

The last few days, it is true, had been saddened by undreamed-of sorrow; still they had been very sweet, as all days are when spent with those whom we love; for, as Ernest remarked:—"Love is the brightness that is enfolded in the darkest clouds, and that fringes their edges with silver."

"Shall we say, 'Alas! that there are clouds?'"

"No," said Ernest, "it is the ordinance of Him who 'hath done all things well.' Our lives are made up of days and nights, of light and darkness, of sunshine and shadow; and each tempers the other with its softening beauty.

"From the very beginning it was so, 'and GOD saw that it was good; and (not the *morning* only, but) the *evening* and the morning were the first day;' and till the great day of eternity break, and time's shadows flee away, we should thank GOD for all things.

"Especially," continued Ernest, "do I thank GOD, dear Helena, for your love, which is the most precious of all things to me.

"One more kiss, darling, and then I leave you."

Ernest's was the eloquent, passionate love of a poet's heart; Helena's the silent homage of a voiceless but equally true affection.

Love varies in individuals, being moulded by character. In one it is as the dancing spray on the ocean's breast; it sparkles in the sunshine, and bounds from wave to wave till it leaps upon the shore and runs with joyous ardour up the sands to kiss the feet of the object of its adoration. In another it is the silent breathings of a flower; so silent that the next rosebud only guesses its existence by the gentle tremor of its leaves, or by the fragrance which surrounds it.

Ernest turned to take up his knapsack—it was gone!

The good old dog was there; nobody had entered; nobody had left; yet the knapsack could nowhere be found!

Every room was searched, every cupboard, every closet, Upstairs and downstairs were ransacked, but all in vain.

Grandmother, Helena, the little child, old Margery, Ernest, all acknowledged having seen it in the hall, but all denied having touched it; and they stared blankly in each other's faces in utter bewilderment.

"Perhaps Rover can find it," said Helena. "Where's Ernest's knapsack, Rover? Good dog! go and find it."

The dog got up, shook himself, as much as to say, "I can't tell"; and lay down again, wagging his tail.

"Well, this is the queerest thing I ever knew," said Ernest, who had lost his train; for, to leave without those all-important documents was not to be thought of for one moment.

There was nothing for it, but to give up the search that evening; and, by consultation, try to solve this inexplicable mystery.

That the knapsack, with its valuable contents, was somewhere, was certain,—at least, to all except old Margery, who, shaking with fear, said, in hushed voice, that she believed it had been spirited away.

They were sitting in the gloaming, lost in wondering thought, when old Margery unceremoniously burst into the room; and, almost dead with fright, said that there were two great eyes in the coal cellar.

"Two great *what*?" said Ernest, and begged the old servant to sit down, for he saw that she was fearfully agitated.

"Two great eyes, Mr. Ernest. I went just now to get some coal to back up the kitchen fire for the night,

x.]

and the great things stared at me awful—two great eyes, and nothing else!

"I dropped my candle, and staggered here; how, I don't know, I was that afeared, and I begs yer pardon, mam," turning to her mistress, "for a startling of yer."

Ernest was on his feet in an instant, and said "Come along, Rover."

But, to the astonishment of all, Rover slunk away under the table.

So Ernest, lighting one of the candles on the hall table, went alone.

He had not been absent more than two minutes when he was heard returning, roaring with laughter; and, entering the room, he held up his knapsack; the two bright rings by which it was attached to the strap, having, by old Margery, been taken for "two great eyes," as it lay among the coal in the cellar.

"But how came it there?" asked they.

"I think that Master Rover can tell," said Ernest.  
"Rover, come here!"

The dog crept from under the table, wagging his tail, and with a truly comical expression in his face. Then, as if he could restrain himself no longer, he put up his head and simply yelled.

It was an unmistakable yell of delight; and so infectious was it, that all joined in it; and the cottage walls echoed with peal after peal of laughter.

It seems that the dog had noticed that whenever

Ernest went out, taking his knapsack with him, he did not return; therefore the canine reasoning was, that if he could hide the knapsack, Ernest could not go; and, as it was black, it would be most effectually hidden if put into the coal cellar.

Helena loved the dog more than ever after this; and Ernest did not love him the less; while even old Margery's wrinkled face was puckered into a smile; and, though she scolded Rover for giving her "such a turn," he fared well in the kitchen that night.



## CHAPTER XI.

The old lady retired early ; but Helena and Ernest were loth to part, and still stayed talking over the events of the past week.

It was a delicious night ; and, going out into the garden, they sat hand in hand beneath a spreading oak, Ernest saying :—

“ The silvery moonlight, chequered by the trees,  
Falls, as in worship, dearest, at thy feet ;  
And, with the scent of flowers, the evening breeze  
Embalms the nightingale’s sweet notes, ah ! sweet  
As the sweet voice of love. In this retreat  
So calm and peaceful, let me, dearest, own  
My heart’s deep love, and hear thy lips repeat  
Those words more sweet than music’s sweetest tone,  
Telling my loving heart that thou art mine alone.

“ Thy beauteous eyes,—love’s messengers to me,—  
Look into mine, and read love’s language there.  
And, as I kiss thee, our hearts seem to be  
Mingling their very life’s-blood in one prayer  
For love, more love ! Oh, ever thus to share  
Each other’s fond affection, and to feel  
That neither time nor death itself can e’er  
Dissolve the union of our souls, or seal  
The fountain of that love we each to each reveal.”

Helena, with her soul overflowing with happiness, retired for the night ; but Ernest, lighting a cigar, still strolled in the garden.

Soon the candle was extinguished in Helena's chamber over the porch ; and shortly afterwards, Ernest, accompanying himself on his lute, sang beneath her window, in a clear tenor voice of remarkable richness, the following serenade :—

“ Calmly sleep, dearest, sleep ; and while fond moonbeams  
cover

The tired beautiful earth with a mantle of light,  
May the soft dulcet strains of the lute of thy lover  
With the moonlight stream in at thy casement to-night.

“ May his love, borne on music to thee in thy dreaming,  
Thrill with deepest emotion thy slumber-wrapped breast,  
As the moon, through thy rose-bowered casement now  
streaming,  
Haply blends with thy thoughts, but disturbs not thy rest.

“ How he envies the moonlight, the music, the roses ;  
Not their brightness, their sweetness, their beauty, but  
this,—  
That they bask in the rapture thy dreaming discloses,  
As thy loving lips part in a slumberous kiss.”

But Helena was not, as his song implied, asleep ; and when it ceased, the curtain of her window was drawn a little aside, and she appeared in a *negligée* robe of snowy

xi.] I THEE ENDOW.

whiteness, open at the throat and bosom, over which fell, in wavy lines, a rich wide lace.

She kissed her hand to the serenader ; he raised his hat, bowed like a cavalier ; and, when the curtain once more hid the sweet vision, he retired to his room, to live over again, in blissful dreams, the happiness of the day that was past.





## CHAPTER XII.

Ernest was up betimes; and looking out of his window, saw that the mist lay in the valleys, while the hills stood out like islands in a sea of vapour.

Soon the sun arose; and Ernest, enraptured by the scene, folded himself in his morning gown, and wrote as follows :—

“The night has passed; and, on earth’s rosy mountains,  
The mists dissolve like memories of dreams;  
For sunrise has unlocked the golden fountains  
Of heaven’s refulgent beauty; and there streams  
A glowing radiance o’er the hills which seems  
To flood the world with joy. O, glorious sight!  
Lo! morning flashes forth her dazzling beams  
On nature’s flying banner-clouds to write  
The sacred name of ‘God’ in characters of light.

“That name is gemmed upon the azure sky  
At night when starry worlds proclaim His power.  
That name the vivid lightnings, as they fly,  
Rewrite upon the thunder-clouds which lower:  
And ev’ry rain-drop of each fruitful shower  
Imprints that name upon the thirsty sod:  
And on the bosom of each lowly flower,  
On which our feet in thoughtlessness have trod,  
Is traced, in gentle lines, the blessed name of ‘God.’”

Ernest's mind was eminently devout; I was going to say, "intuitively devout"; and why not?

If the mind is an emanation from the Deity, what is more natural than that it should turn lovingly to GOD?

Ernest saw His hand in every event in life, however trivial; and it was well that he did so; for it alleviated his sorrows, knowing that GOD does not afflict willingly, nor from choice grieve the children of men; but chastens them only for their profit that they may be partakers of His holiness; and it sweetened his joys knowing that they were the gift of ONE whom he loved.

He was soon dressed; and, after an early breakfast, and a fond "Farewell" to the dear motherly old lady, and a kiss to the little boy, he, Helena, and Rover started to walk to the railway station.

They had not gone more than half way before they met an old woman whom Helena knew.

She was the wife of one of the railway porters; and had been to take her husband his breakfast.

"Good morning, Mrs. Johnson," said Helena; "I think we are going to have a hot day."

"May be, may be," said the old woman; "but I feels all of a shiver; for, my Jim has been a tellin' me about t'accident on t'line; and it have made my blood run all cold. God help they poor things!"

"Accident!" said Ernest and Helena in a breath; "What accident?"

"Lor! havn't yer heerd on it?"

"No! tell us."

"Why, t'up mail train last night ran off t'line; and there be seven dead, and about thirty worse nor dead. But I mun say 'Good mornin',' Miss."

It was the very train by which Ernest was to have travelled!

For a moment neither could speak. They could only clasp each other's hands; and, in silence lift up their hearts to GOD in gratitude.

The old dog, not understanding the state of affairs, put his paws on Ernest's breast, and looked inquiringly into his face.

Ernest, still silent with emotion, put his arm round the faithful creature; while Helena, with womanly affection, stooped and kissed him; each remembering that, but for his affection which prompted him on the previous evening to hide the knapsack, the shadow of an awful calamity might have darkened their home.

"Shall we say that all this was chance?" asked Ernest.

"No! a thousand times no! Either everything is chance; or nothing is chance. If the whole is under the government of GOD, the parts comprising the whole must be under His government."

Ernest and Helena resumed their walk to the station; each clinging in heart the more closely to the other, as each realised more clearly the fearful danger of separa-

tion which, as by a miracle, they had but just escaped ; and they had been unconscious of it all !

“ Ah ! ” continued Ernest, “ were GOD to open our eyes, as He did those of the young man, the servant of Elisha, how often we should see the mountain of life full of horses and chariots of fire encamped round about us to deliver us from unseen dangers ! ”

“ We know comparatively nothing of our indebtedness to GOD’s overruling providence, ” remarked Helena.

“ No, ” said Ernest, “ and yet Christians are laughed at for their credulity in believing this !

“ Surely, if any are to be laughed at ; or, rather, to be pitied, for their credulity, it is those who are credulous enough to believe either that He who made the universe is unable or unwilling to govern it, or that the universe made itself, and mind, and intellect, and affections are but the results of a fortuitous concourse of atoms ;—in other words, that matter made mind—the less made the greater ! ”

Ernest parted with Helena and Rover at the railway station gates ; dogs not being admitted.

“ Good-bye, little woman ; or, as the words originally meant, ‘ God be with ye, ’ ” said Ernest, as he pressed her tiny hand in his manly grasp.

“ It has been a great treat to me to see you, though for so short a time. Remember that we know not what lies before us in the path of life. Perhaps sooner than we may dare even to hope for it, GOD may

graciously permit us to be united, to part no more :  
à DIEU !”

Rover whined an affectionate “Farewell,” and Ernest stroked the dog’s glossy head, and again took Helena’s hand in his, and, looking most fondly into her beautiful eyes, held it with a gentle and prolonged pressure that spoke volumes. He then raised it to his lips, kissed it, and was gone.



### CHAPTER XIII.

The train bore Ernest swiftly away; and, in less than five hours he was in town.

It was Saturday at noon when he reached his chambers. His first care was securely to stow away, in his iron safe, the documents relating to the earldom of Dovedale.

Next he opened his letters. One was from Harold Hope, to whom he had written, advising a consultation with a brother barrister on the terms of the marriage contract; and Harold now asked Ernest to accompany him.

The Q.C.'s reply stated that he was spending a few days at Dieppe; and that, if Harold liked to run over, he should be glad to see him.

As this was Ernest's first case, he determined to stop at nothing that could contribute to its success.

He therefore wrote, saying that he would cross with him on Monday.

On the Sunday morning (or "First day" morning, as the Society of Friends call it) Ernest repaired to the Friends' Meeting House in St. Martin's Lane.

Its quiet had a charm for him. He loved the precept, "Be still, and know that I am GOD"; and he delighted to join those who "worship GOD in the spirit,

rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh,"—no confidence in human teachers concerning things which must be "spiritually discerned."

The spacious room was well lighted, well ventilated, and scrupulously clean. The men sat on the left side as you enter, and the women on the right; while the elders of each sex sat on a slightly raised platform at the end.

An old lady offered up to GOD a beautifully simple and fervent prayer,—beautiful because simple, as all prayers should be; and Ernest felt "Surely GOD is in this place," according to His gracious promise, "In all places where I record My name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

A long silence followed,—a time for meditation, so needful for the soul's growth in grace; and, as Ernest sat enjoying the quiet, he thought how much needed, in the electric speed of life which we are living, is the reproof contained in GOD's word, "My people do not *consider*;" "Thus saith The Lord of Hosts, '*Consider* your ways,'" "Stand still, and *consider* the wondrous works of GOD." "*Commune with your own heart*, and be still."

Ernest's meditations were rudely interrupted by a comparatively young man rising and uttering the veriest platitudes; and his language was as weak as were his ideas. He could not use the simplest noun without prefixing to it a flourishing adjective by way of adorn-

ment. If he was a Quaker in dress, he by no means objected to tawdry finery in language.

Why will persons presume to speak in public without possessing even the ghost of a title to natural eloquence, and without having learned the simplest rules of the grammatical construction of sentences?

John Bright, the orator, was sitting by, and doubtless was as much disturbed as was Ernest Aldam.

The meeting broke up shortly afterwards; the signal for which was that an old gentleman, at the head of the room, held out his hand to an elderly lady sitting next to him.

But, as far as Ernest saw, no one had the courage to rebuke that conceited disturber of a whole congregation.

In the afternoon, Ernest wrote a loving, long letter to his poor sister, Winifred.

It was as follows:—

16, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON.

MY DARLING SISTER,

I need not ask you why you have left your poor father and your home. Too well do I know that it is not from the absence of affection for us, but because of the agonizing grief which you endure from the loss of him to whom you had given your life. Your poor distracted heart seeks a refuge from the memories of days which wring it with anguish.

Believe me, dear Winifred, my whole being sympathises with you; and I trust that no word that I may



write will ever raise in your mind the slightest doubt upon that point. It is impossible for me to tell you how I love you, my only sister. Let me, then, unburden my mind to you with all brotherly affection and fidelity.

However you came to embrace the Romish faith (if, indeed, you have in heart embraced it), or how anyone can embrace it who realises the spirituality of the worship which God, who is a Spirit, enjoins, is to me an inexplicable mystery.

Roman Catholicism may have been all very well as a religion for the childhood of the world, when the puerile mind had to be reached by appeals to the senses ; but it is not a religion for the enlightened manhood of the present day, any more than is the ancient Jewish faith, of which, in its observance of ceremonials, it is a relic.

But with me, the gross objectionableness of Roman Catholicism is, not so much its childish forms and ceremonies, its crossings and its genuflections, its tinsel and its gewgaws, as if The Most High were a great baby needing to be amused by puppets.

The head and front of its offending is that its whole tendency is to keep the soul away from God,—to impress upon men's minds that, in order to secure the favour of God, they must subsidise the prayers of priests, and importunately seek the intervention and intercession of dead saints, though the word of God emphatically declares that “none of them can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him.”

Yes, the sin of the Romish church is that it arrogantly thrusts itself between the repentant sinner and his God, and, in spirit, blasphemously appropriates the words of Christ, and says :—"No man cometh unto the Father but by me,"—"There is no salvation outside the Roman Catholic church."

And who are these priests that presume to shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men?

They are mortals of like passions with ourselves, and not one whit holier or better than others; nay, oftentimes very much worse; and never, in any circumstances, are they more acceptable to Him "who is no respecter of persons."

Yet they say :—"Stand by thyself; come not near me; I am holier than thou, and have power from God to anathematize thee." Thus they terrorise weak minds, and "lead captive silly women laden with sins."

If such thralldom as this is permissible, where is "the glorious liberty of the children of God," of which the Bible speaks,—“the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free?”

"Free?" Ah! how that word pierces my very soul when I think, Winifred, of your being imprisoned in a convent!

Our dear father told me of his interview with you :—on arriving at the convent, he had asked to see the Lady Superior, and was shown into a room having, in one of the walls, a double grating closed by shutters on the far side.

After waiting a considerable time, someone in the

adjoining room, he told me, began to undo the shutters. Presently he saw a slender white hand.

"Evidently the hand of a lady," he said to himself; and, on the shutters being fully opened, there stood before the grating one habited as a nun.

He rose from his chair, and, going towards her, bowed and said:—"The Lady Superior, I presume?"

"Don't you know me, father?" asked a well-remembered voice.

You recollect the rest,—he was so overcome, that he sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child. Poor father!

O, Winifred, why have you forsaken him in his old age? He does not reproach you. On the contrary, he is sure that you believe your incarceration to be in accordance with the will of God. But he asks, with streaming eyes and breaking heart:—"Where is the foundation for such a belief? Did I believe it were the will of God, I would bow to the trial, and say, as did Job when he was bereft of all his children:—'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' But I cannot, I cannot, believe it."

Pray write to me, dear Winifred, my darling sister, and unburden your heart to me. Let me share your sorrows, and I will try to relieve them.

Helena desired me to assure you of her unalterable affection.

Your faithful, loving brother,

ERNEST ALDAM.

Ernest did not then know that no letters are allowed to be sent from the convent without being first read and approved by the Lady Superior ; and that no letters are allowed to be received by any of the inmates without being submitted to a like scrutiny and approval.

Ernest, therefore, waited in vain for an answer ;—his letter never reached his poor, lonely, broken-hearted sister.



## CHAPTER XIV.

In the morning, Ernest started with Harold Hope from the Victoria station by the 7.5 train to catch the boat leaving Newhaven for Dieppe at 10 o'clock.

It was a gloriously bright day, and the sea was like molten silver. There was not even a ripple upon it; but brooding over it was that dazzling tremulousness of etherealized vapour which indicates that the lighter particles of moisture are being exhaled by the sun's heat.

He, young man like, would have preferred a fresh breeze and a prancing sea of arch-necked snorting horses, whose crested riders with snowy plumes, in pride of strength and bearing, were dashing wildly on over the ocean plains, exulting in their freedom.

However, it was a dead calm; and although he could imagine the wind saying, "Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad," it was evident either that the old sailor did not whistle, or the imaginary voice was only a passing breath; for not even a "cat's paw" scratched the smooth ~~surface~~ of the sea.

Ernest listlessly watched the apparently retreating shore of the English coast until it faded from his view; and then, having lit a cigar, he went up on to the hur-

ricane deck; and, after a chat with the skipper, reclined on one of the seats, and let his fancy wander away to the pretty village which he had so recently left, and the dear little lady there; then to the convent at Walmer, and his poor sister mourning the unknown fate of young Claude Howard.

The glare of the sun, the sultriness of the air, the fumes of the cigar, and the gentle lulling motion produced by the vibration of the engine, induced him to close his eyes, and soon he was asleep,—asleep and dreaming.

He dreamed that he was travelling abroad; and, in a green glade in the midst of a wood, far from any human habitation, he found a plant bearing a solitary flower of marvellous beauty and exquisite perfume.

Being an ardent lover of the beautiful, and strangely attracted by the aromatic odour of the flower, he plucked it; and, in an instant, he lost all power of voluntary motion, and seemed to be dying.

But it was only a swoon, from which he gradually awoke to increasingly extatic sensitiveness, and his soul floated away as if borne on angels' wings.

He yielded himself to the soft influence, and a roseate, yet transparent, cloud, surrounded him and bore him upward and onward.

League after league of earth's panorama passed beneath him.

He knew, by intuition, that he had gathered the

lovely flower in the earthly paradise of Eden; and he concluded that it was situated somewhere in Persia; for, turning his back to the rising sun, and floating southward, he crossed the river Euphrates, and looked down upon the stately ruins of Palmyra.

He then traversed Palestine, entered the land of the Sphinxes, passed over the prostrate shrines of Memphis, and the pyramids of Jizeh, meditated on the changing dynasties of empires suggested by the obelisks of the Pharaohs, the hieroglyphic inscriptions on which he read as easily as if he himself had been one of the Hyksos kings of Egypt.

Thence he was borne onward, through the Libyan desert, into the Sahara; when, for the first time in his dream, there flashed upon him the memory of his lost friend who fell in the heroic effort to reach Khartoum for the relief of the gallant Gordon.

Was it under the mysteriously attractive influence and guidance of the spirit of young Claude Howard that Ernest's spirit was for a time liberated from his body while he slept, in order that there might be revealed to him the last resting place of his friend?

Who shall say, No?

Is it not recorded in Scripture that "God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction"?

On, and still on, he was borne till a soft oasis of green, under the shadow of a great rock in that weary land, relieved his aching sight from the glare of the sandy desert; and he saw, by a sparkling pool, a company of Nubians watering their camels for their Arab masters; and in a litter was a pale face marked by lines of terrible suffering.

Drawing near, to his great astonishment, he recognized the features of young Claude Howard,—a prisoner under a guard of Arab slaves in the service of the Mahdi.

Their eyes met; a smile flickered for a moment on the emaciated countenance; the lips moved; and Ernest, in his dream, faintly heard the word “Bâghzen,” and awoke.

The captain was requesting all persons on the hurricane deck to descend, as the boat was about to enter Dieppe harbour.

Ernest went with the rest, and mingled with the crowd. But, though with them, he was not of them;—his thoughts were far away. The dream impressed itself upon him with all the vividness of reality.

“But, what reality can there be in the word ‘Bâghzen’?” he said to himself. It is not English. Is it Arabic? If so, what does it mean?

“Is it the name of some Eastern cooling drink for which the poor parched lips craved? or, is it the name of a place or of a person?”



“The dream is all a mystery to me ;—a mystery, and yet I feel that it is a reality, though, apparently, ‘such stuff as dreams are made of.’

“Oh that I had a knowledge of oneiroscopy !”



## CHAPTER XV.

The steamer was then alongside the quay; and Ernest became interested in the busy scene.

Women, with high white caps, long earrings, and very short petticoats, came on board, and carried ashore the heavy luggage, while lazy men, in blue blouses, looked idly on.

Ernest was indignant; and, Englishman like, expressed to a fellow-traveller his indignation in unmeasured terms.

He intended his language to be very plain; but, by a singular *lapsus linguæ*, it was rendered very equivocal; for, he unintentionally transposed the “*az*” and the “*ous*,” and, instead of saying “*lazy* men in blue blouses,” he called them “*lousy* men in blue blazes.”

His companion, realizing at once the *pre-post-erous* mistake, was convulsed with laughter.

The mirth was infectious; and passenger after passenger, on hearing the joke, joined in the merriment; then the crew caught it up, until at last the whole ship’s company, including the white-haired captain, roared, and roared again; greatly to the astonishment of the misnamed “*ouvriers*”; the puzzled expression on whose countenances gave piquancy to the

joke; for, they were quite unconscious that the laughter was against themselves.

And to this day the idle loungers on the quay go by the name of "the lousy men in blue blazes."

One good came of it;—it diverted Ernest's thoughts, and thoroughly roused him from the "blues" into which his dream had thrown him.

Having only his knapsack with him, he was soon through the station with his companion, whom he had picked up *en route*, and to whose hotel he and Harold Hope had resolved to go.

He inferred from his friend's conversation that he was visiting France for the first time, and was not familiar with the language; so he resolved to play off a practical joke upon him.

Leaning out of the window of the *voiture*, he pretended to be listening most intently; then, drawing in his head suddenly, he exclaimed, with an astonished look, "Hark! there's a dog barking in French!"

"No! Is there?" said his companion; and he was about to lean out of the window to listen, when he realized the absurdity of the idea, and joined in Ernest's uproarious laughter.

Arrived at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, they entered the dining room, over the door of which was written:—"Salle à Manger," and soon were making a hearty meal.

The fresh sea air, for, a breeze had sprung up as they

xv.]

I THEE ENDOW.

neared the French coast, had put Ernest in exuberant spirits; and when his companion said:—"I wonder what the landlady's name is?" Ernest replied that there was a name over the room door, and suggested his going to see.

He did so; and, on his return, remarked, "Yes, it is there; but they spell 'Sally' in a very funny way."

To say that Ernest and Harold were amused, would be to convey but the faintest idea of the scene; they shook with almost delirious laughter, and tears of intense excitement, streamed down their faces; nor could they wipe them away, for, their hands were engaged holding their sides which were aching and shaking, till their companion feared that they would have a fit.

At this juncture, "Sally" herself came in to see what was the matter; and the sight of her set Ernest and Harold off again; and not till a considerable time could they regain their composure.



## CHAPTER XVI.

While Harold Hope went to leave his card at Russell, Q.C.'s, Ernest left his *ci-divant* travelling companion at the hotel, and started for a stroll to see the ruins of the old Château d'Arques.

The clock in the church tower of Saint Jacques was striking four as he left the town of Dieppe; and, for a few minutes, he stood opposite the *Port de la Barre* to look at the castle, and to recall some of the scenes of historic interest connected with the place.

Here, more than a thousand years ago, the Emperor Charlemagne founded an abbey, and erected a fortress.

From Dieppe, eight hundred years ago, William the Conqueror embarked a second time for England.

More than six hundred years ago, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was here; and, later in history, Guy, Earl of Warwick also; who, in conjunction with Earl Talbot, recaptured the Castle of Arques, situated on a commanding eminence on the right hand of the valley of that name, and distant about three-and-a-half miles from Dieppe.

Ernest strolled on; goats tethered, to prevent their straying, were feeding by the wayside; market women with faces bronzed by the sun and salt air, and with no protection for the head other than a white muslin,

closely-fitting cap, were returning from Dieppe with baskets on their arms. Others, returning from the forest, were carrying on their backs bundles of faggots bigger than themselves. Men, in blue, short blouses, were riding in light carts, each drawn generally by a grey horse which trotted along as if delighted with the fox's tail hanging over its nose, and the jingling of the bells round its neck.

Now two Sisters of Mercy, with rosaries at their sides and with kindly faces looking the very picture of good health, passed him, doubtless to make some poor creature happy by a deed of beneficence.

Then he met a priest with his long black robe caught up behind, and a missal under his arm. But Ernest had less faith in the deeds and doctrines of priests than in the charities and loving words of women; "for," said he, "the soul is reached, not through the head, but through the heart."

About a mile-and-a-half from Dieppe, he saw, on the left hand side of the road, one of the earliest monuments of Christianity in the country,—an old stone cross of the eleventh century.

It was nearly hidden by the hedge; and nettles had grown up around it, as if to protect it from sacrilege.

Pious hands had tied round the head of it a few ears of corn. Not the work, probably, of the rich Boaz who owned the neighbouring fields, but the expression of the love and gratitude of some poor gleaner, who

sought thus to offer to the "Lord of the harvest," the first fruits of what she had gathered.

His road then lay through corn fields and clover meadows, and these were not separated from the highway by any fence or hedge, but were quite open, so that the beauty of the uncut corn and the delicious fragrance of the clover regaled him as he passed. Where hedges did enclose fields, there clematis and honeysuckle were flowering.

Having reached the village of Arques, he then ascended to the castle. On his way he saw a woman drawing water from a well; and, at his request for a little to drink, she cheerfully fetched a glass from her cottage, and gave him some.

It was most refreshing, and all the sweeter for the evident pleasure with which it was given;—a pleasure purely unselfish, for she refused to accept of him any gratuity, except a biscuit which he had given to her child.

The way to the castle is by a steep-winding path, the top of which there is a wooden seat under a fragment of the castle wall.

Ernest sat down, and looked on the scene below. On this side of the valley are the village and the village church; beyond is the river, wending its way towards the sea; to the right are green meadows where cattle were grazing; up the hill side, opposite, is an obelisk marking the turning point in a battle in

which, three hundred years ago, Henry IV., with 7,500 devoted Protestants, defeated the forces of the League 30,000 strong, under Mayenne. The Forest of Arques crowns the summit of the opposite heights.

Hill and valley, forest and stream, remain as of yore ; but the old Norman castle is a ruin. There is no sound of the proud prancing of caparisoned steeds, or of the tramp of armed men issuing from its triple gates now ; and, instead of the stern challenge of a sentry at the approach of a stranger, the only sound which greeted him was the bleating of a pet lamb.

A narrow, winding passage led him to the warder's room, where he asked permission to see over the castle.

This was freely granted ; and he was told to wander where he chose.

The walls are very massive, and are built chiefly of flints. But the hand of time is slowly disintegrating them ; and mosses, ferns, and ivy are softening the ruggedness of their frowning aspect.

Ernest rambled over the old ruin, and quitted it with regret.

The pet lamb was at the gate, and looked up to be noticed ; the warder gave his visitor a glass of excellent cider, and bade him good-bye ; and he returned to the village, and thence to Dieppe, refreshed by the country air, and interested in the scenes of historic note which he had seen.



## CHAPTER XVII.

At the door of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, Ernest saw his travelling companion conversing with a man in a blue blouse, who was gestulating most vehemently; and, to Ernest's astonishment, his companion was conversing with the Frenchman in his own language, and with all the fluency of a native.

It seemed that the man, who had been one of the loungers on the quay, had ascertained the cause of the merriment on board the boat, and also that it was Ernest who had applied to him and his companions the opprobrious epithet which had occasioned the laughter.

Ernest, raising his hat, of course at once entered into the conversation, and assured the irate Frenchman that it was purely unintentional, and simply the result of such a slip of the tongue as the Frenchman himself might have made, by calling a fisherman "*un pêcheur*," instead of "*un pécheur*."

At the same time, Ernest, making a polite bow, begged to be allowed to express his sincere regret for the unintentional offence given.

The apology was accepted; and thus ended what might have been an ugly affair. Ernest shook hands

with the man, slipping into his hand, at the same time, a gold Napoleon "*pour un peu boire*" for himself and his friends; and the Frenchman departed greatly delighted with the result of his interview.

The gong was sounding for the *table d'hôte*; and Ernest, after a hasty wash and change of dress, was soon expressing to his newly-made friend (for such indeed he had proved himself to be by his defence of him at the hotel door,) his surprise at his familiarity with French.

The other laughed, and said, "I thoroughly *took you in* with regard to that. However, as it *took you out* of your melancholy fit, you will, I am sure, forgive me for playing off upon you a little practical joke, when you thought that you were playing off one upon me.

"But, if I may be allowed to put the question, what on earth made you so awfully glum?"

"It's rather a long story," answered Ernest; "so I'll defer telling it you, until we are having a cigar together after dinner."

Ernest's friend was a broad-shouldered man of about his own age, with strongly-defined sunburnt features, which conveyed the impression of the possessor having a powerful intellect and a firm will in the fortress of a noble body of almost super-human strength.

Though young, he had travelled much, and was well acquainted with various languages, particularly Arabic, he having been British consul at Suakim.

As the two friends strolled along the beach that evening, Ernest related the circumstances respecting the loss of his sister's lover, Claude Howard, and the remarkable dream concerning him which had thrown such gloom over Ernest's mind as they entered Dieppe harbour; but he could not recollect the strange word which, in his dream, he had heard his lost friend utter.

"It will recur to me by-and-by; but, for the moment, it has quite escaped me."

"Well," said Harry Thornton, for that was his name, "if ever you resolve to penetrate the Sahara in search of your friend, let me go with you. I may be able to render you important service in such a hunt as that; for I am well-known by many of the dervishes, and have influence with them."

Then, handing Ernest his card, he said, "A letter addressed to me there is sure to find me, sooner or later, for I am a wanderer, like the Arabs. So if you do not hear from me immediately in reply, you will know the reason."

"But," he added, "do not let the delay make you think that I hesitate to join you. I am a man of my word."

Ernest thanked him most heartily, and they bade each other "Good night"; Ernest adding, "If that dream recurs to me I will go, whatever be the consequences."

"Somewhat of a fatalist, then?" said his friend.

“Fatalist to this extent,” replied Ernest, “I believe in the faithfulness of Him whose promise is, ‘I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.’”

“*Au revoir !*”

“*Au revoir !*”



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Ernest rose early the next morning, and went out for a swim and a walk; after which, having taken his travelling writing case with him, he sat down on the grass, and wrote thus to Helena:—

MY DARLING HELENA,

As I sit out here in the glorious sunshine, it seems as if I had become an inhabitant of another world; so difficult is it to imagine that sin, or sorrow, or even care, has its home here.

The sea beneath me sleeps in quiet beauty, its rest unbroken by a single wavelet.

The white cliffs are mirrored in the silvery waters; the clouds radiate, fanlike, from the east; and a gentle inland breeze tempers the heat of the sun, and, kissing the distant slumbering waves, dimples them with beauty.

A lark is singing high over head, as if it revelled in the sunbeams, and delighted to send down to earth with them the sunshine of its own happiness.

There is a droning hum of bees, busy among the flowers near me; the perfume of which is blended with the smell of iodine from the sea, on whose glassy surface in the offing a few small boats are seen apparently motionless, though their white sails are spread, and gleam in the morning sun, like the outstretched wings of birds.

It is high tide, and the waves are running up the shingle, as if in very gladness at having ended a voyage from distant shores ;—a voyage very like that of life, with its storms, and calms, and rocks, and icebergs ; and, withal, a haven at last.

GOD grant, dear Helena, that we also may reach the haven where we would be. But, while the voyage continues, may it be our happy experience to flash back, by a rejoicing spirit, the sunlight of GOD'S love.

A French nursemaid, in charge of a little boy and girl, just now came and sat down near me, talking French and broken English to the children.

I offered to read to them from the story book the little boy was carrying. They were very pleased.

The children's sweet innocence, their lovely faces, their great wondering eyes, the *naïveté* of their questions, &c., &c., were delightful. You would have kissed the little dears.

When they had shaken hands with me, and thanked me, a girls' school passed by, terrified, and yet greatly amused, by the persistent following of a number of flying beetles, which would settle on the girls' back hair.

But the greatest fun was with an old lady in black ; one of the beetles flew round and round her head, till she fairly took to her heels and ran, followed by the great buzzing beetle. I was rude enough to laugh ; I could not help it.

Then I saw a poor worm feebly struggling in the dust. I took it up very tenderly, and placed it under a tuft of

grass, where it might have a chance of again getting into the earth ; but the heat has baked the ground very hard.

It is very nice to help the helpless ; and the greater the helplessness, the greater the pleasure of relieving it.

You will think that I am a strange mixture of opposites,—one moment roaring with laughter at an old lady's discomfiture ; and the next, lifting a poor worm into the shade.

Another old lady has just passed, talking to a little boy, and saying :—" How much nicer it is to be quiet."

The little fellow does not seem to see it. We each have our "stand-point," as the Germans call it, from which we look upon life ; and it is of no use to dogmatize as to what constitutes pleasure.

But I venture to affirm that there is one joy, about which there can be no difference of opinion,—the joy of loving and being beloved. That joy is ours.

I hope that Harold will see Russell, Q.C., this morning, and then we shall return to town by the boat leaving at 2 p.m.

My love to grandmother, and a kiss for the future earl, and a thousand for my little Queen, your own dear self.

Ever, dear Helena,

Yours most faithfully,

ERNEST ALDAM.



## CHAPTER XIX.

After his *premier déjeuner*, Harold Hope called on Russell, Q.C., and laid before him the bridegroom's declaration in the Church of England marriage service,—  
*"With all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"*  
 —and asked his opinion as to whether that declaration, made in words so emphatic, and so solemn,—calling upon the Almighty to witness it,—and the signing of the bridegroom's name in the books kept for legally ratifying the covenant entered into in the presence of witnesses, who also, as such, signed their names to it, did not constitute a *bonâ fide* deed of gift.

"I do not," said Harold, "understand the contract to mean that the property is given to the wife for her *exclusive use*, but for her *joint use* with her husband; they, by the covenant, being constituted *one*."

Harold, having thus stated his grounds for action, proceeded to explain to counsel the particulars of the case.

Counsel complimented him on the very lucid manner in which he had briefly stated his case; and promised to give the matter his best attention.

Harold returned to his hotel, took his midday meal with Ernest, and with Thornton who was going south,



and he and Ernest were home in London soon after 10 p.m.

Ernest found various letters awaiting him; and, among them, were two from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, of whom he had asked an expression of opinion respecting the marriage ceremony.

The letters in reply were characteristic of the two men; that from His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury being far inferior to that received from His Grace the Archbishop of York, which was clear, straightforward, manly, and marked by logical common sense. But both agreed that the words were intended to convey the meaning that the "worldly goods" became the joint property of husband and wife.

"If that is so," said Ernest, locking up the letters, "GOD being my helper, I will not rest until either the law recognizes the bestowal, and binds the husband by his own words; or the words in the Church of England marriage service are altered to be in agreement with the intention of the contracting parties.

"At present, it is evident, on the showing of the Archbishops, that GOD's name is taken in vain, unless the words used constitute an actual deed of gift.

"In other words, either the act is a valid deed of gift, or, at the instigation of the Church, GOD is called upon to witness to a lie.

"Let the Archbishops see to it. What are they Archbishops for, if not to defend the honour of GOD?"

Another letter, which Ernest found awaiting him, was from Helena: that one he kept till last as a *bonne bouche*.

It ran as follows:—No, since it was a lady's love-letter, and therefore strictly private and confidential, its contents ought not to be revealed.

Suffice it, then, to say, that he gathered from it these sweet flowers of thought,—that, when he left her, the sunlight seemed to fade out of the sky; the songs of the birds were, to her, no longer musical; and the little heart that loved him felt very lonely.

Ernest kissed the *billet doux*, and put it into the inner breast pocket of his waistcoat.

Then, lighting a cigar, he busied himself with reading up opinions on “the nature of contracts,” “the law of evidence,” and “deeds of gift.”

Before the end of the week, he received counsel's opinion, and it was corroborative of his own.

It was to this effect:—that when, by the covenant of marriage, the husband and wife are made legally one, and he endows her with all his worldly goods, it is evident, from the very nature of the contract as a whole, that he does not do so for her separate use; the idea of separation being altogether at variance with the object of the contract. He endows her with all his worldly goods for her enjoyment of them with him as her husband; for, it is in consideration of her becoming his wife—his partner for life—that he makes the

endowment, or, in other words, puts into the partnership all his property for their equal and mutual benefit.

Consequently, neither the husband without the wife, nor the wife without the husband, has power to dispose of that which, in virtue of the marriage contract, belongs equally to each.

"That's good!" said Ernest, laying down the letter; "he has doubtless given to the words the meaning intended to be conveyed by the compilers of the liturgy."

A telegram was immediately sent to Harold Hope, asking him to call at Ernest's chambers.

The reply came that he would be there at three, sharp.

Punctually at three, he arrived; and Ernest told him that, feeling the importance of the question, he had consulted the Archbishops.

He then laid before his friend the letters which he had that day received.

After perusing them, Harold suggested a meeting with old Mr. Stanhope, in whose daughter's interest the action would have to be brought.

Ernest said that he should be happy to discuss the matter with them at ten on the following morning; and for that purpose would keep the time from ten till eleven disengaged.

Accordingly at ten, on the following morning, Mr. Stanhope and Harold Hope called on Ernest Aldam.

The young barrister laid before them, very plainly, his

xix.]

*I THEE ENDOW.*

own and his brother counsel's opinion upon the question then engaging their attention; and, at the same time, he candidly reminded them that, the law of England was held to be that all property, even that which the wife possessed before marriage and which had not been settled upon her, belonged to the husband absolutely; just as if she, and not he, had said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow"; and that the husband had power to gamble it away, or give it away, or will it away, while she had no power to claim the payment of even a single debt which she had contracted, unless it had been with her husband's consent.

"Still," continued Ernest, "this question of the marriage covenant is one that certainly bears upon the rights of property; and yet there is no record of its ever having been brought forward in a court of law; and, in my opinion, if it be brought forward, it will either reverse the decision of the judges as to the wife's legal rights with respect to property; or it will brand, as a blasphemous lie, the solemn assertion which the state church puts into the mouth of every man who is married according to its rites. It will revolutionize either the Law or the Church."

Mr. Stanhope was so pleased with the young barrister's view of the case that he said he would bring the matter to issue upon that very point; and he would do it, not merely, though primarily, in defence of his daughter's rights, but also as a matter of common

equity affecting the interests of English women generally. And so impressed was he with the injustice of the law, as at present administered, that if he were defeated, he would carry the case to the Court of Appeal, and if necessary, to the final arbitrament of the House of Lords, even if it cost him half his fortune.

A brief, setting forth the particulars of the case was to be placed in Ernest's hands without delay; "and," added Mr. Stanhope, "I particularly request that you, Mr. Aldam, will conduct the case yourself."

Ernest thanked the old gentleman for that expression of confidence, and assured him that it would be his proud endeavour to do justice to the trust reposed in him.

"I'm sure you will, I'm sure you will; and may God defend the right! Good-bye."



## CHAPTER XX.

The necessary preliminary steps having been taken, the hearing for a judicial separation, and for alimony, came on in due course before the Judge Ordinary; and counsel for the plaintiff opened the action of Askwyth *v.* Askwyth as follows:—

### ASKWYTH *v.* ASKWYTH.

“MY LORD,

“The case which I have the honour to lay before you is one of extreme simplicity, yet one involving interests of most momentous import; I, therefore, claim for it your special consideration.

“The plaintiff and defendant are wife and husband, who were married at St. James’s, Piccadilly, by the Rev. Cecil Roberts, on the 21st day of August, in the year 1886.

“Of that marriage there is one child, a girl, aged two years.

“The wife, who is the plaintiff in this case, is the elder daughter of Mr. Stanhope, of the well-known honorable firm of Stanhope, Leslie, and Hope, Solicitors, of Lincoln’s Inn.

“The husband, who is the defendant, is the only son of the late Mr. Askwyth, M.P., of Dunmore Court, in the County of Sussex, from whom he recently inherited a considerable fortune.

“It seems that, in the course of the autumn of 1887, the wife saw reason to remonstrate with her husband on his very marked attention to a young widow named Wiley, to whom, as she subsequently learned, he had been engaged prior to the widow’s marriage with her late husband.

“This remonstrance, or, as the defendant described it, this ‘uncalled-for interference,’ was by him made so serious a cause of quarrel, that he broke up the home; or, rather, the remonstrance was seized upon by him as an excuse for his so doing; and, leaving his wife and child, he went abroad with the widow, and has been living in adulterous connection with her ever since; and has not only made no provision for the support and maintenance of his wife and child, but, in order that he might not have any property out of which they could claim support and maintenance, he has, by deed of gift, dated October the 8th, 1887, made over, to the said widow, the whole of his estate on condition of her living with him.

“In these circumstances, three courses of action are at the option of the plaintiff,—she may sue for a divorce on the ground of her husband’s adultery; or she may bring an action for restitution of conjugal rights; or she may apply for a judicial separation, and for alimony.

“The plaintiff declines to do the first, because a divorce would enable her husband to marry the woman with whom he is adulterously cohabiting.

“The plaintiff declines, also, to do the second, because that course would be repulsively disgusting to her.

“She elects to take the third course, and presents this petition for a judicial separation, and for alimony, which of course opens the question as to the validity of what I may call the second deed of gift, by which the plaintiff is sought to be deprived of her rights.

“The facts of the defendant’s adultery and desertion of his wife will not be denied. I may, therefore, take it for granted that judicial separation, and custody of the child, will be granted to the wife, and I shall confine my remarks to the question of alimony, and the validity of the second deed of gift.

“Of course, if a man’s property is absolutely his own, he may do with it as he pleases. He may give it away, or gamble it away, or fool it away just as he likes. But if it is not absolutely his own, what then? Undoubtedly his action, with regard to the property, is bound by the same constrictions that bind the property. It is limited to the extent of his proprietorship in it.

“Was, then, the property of the defendant bound in any way at the date of the said second deed of gift?

“As has been stated, the plaintiff and defendant were, in August, 1886, married according to the rites of the Church of England. In the marriage ceremony as therein conducted, one of the covenants into which the bridegroom enters with his bride is as follows:



*‘With all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!’*

“Here is a covenant, the most momentous that man can enter into, and couched in words the most sacred that man can employ; a covenant publicly made in the presence of witnesses and in the Church of God; a covenant ratified by the signatures of the contracting parties and of the witnesses, in the books kept for that purpose, as required by the law of England; by which covenant the defendant endowed his bride with all his worldly goods.

“Now, if there is any meaning in language, that which a man endows another with, he no longer retains.

“For what purpose the endowment was made is not stated; but it is obvious that it was never intended that the bride should be endowed with all her husband’s worldly goods *for her sole and separate use*; the words do not imply that; nor was separation, in any sense, ever contemplated in entering upon the covenant, which is entirely a covenant of union. As by the marriage covenant, the wife becomes one with her husband, and is made his partner for life, or, in the words of the covenant, ‘till death doth them part’; so the husband, in consideration of her becoming his partner, and for no other consideration, puts into the partnership ‘all his worldly goods’ for their mutual benefit. And as in so doing he declares to his bride that the act is an

xx.]

I THEE ENDOW.

endowment for her, he has no power afterwards to dispose of the property without his partner's consent.

"Therefore, the deed of gift, executed subsequently in favour of another, must be declared null and void, not only because he had no separate rights over the property, enabling him to execute such a deed; but also because it was given for an illegal consideration, namely, that the widow should cohabit with him.

"I therefore submit to your lordship that, on the ground of the husband's adultery and desertion, the wife is entitled to a decree of judicial separation, the custody of the child, and alimony; and, in virtue of the marriage covenant, the alimony to which she is entitled is half the estate which at marriage became their joint property."

Counsel for the defendant rising, said, "My Lord, I am perfectly content to accept the statement of facts which my learned friend has made: it is strictly accurate. But I am totally at variance with him as to the conclusions which may legitimately be drawn from those facts, especially the conclusion which he draws from the wording of the marriage covenant.

"He admits that the words, '*With all my worldly goods I thee endow,*' do not bear, and were not intended to bear, their obvious meaning. I thank him for that concession to truth. My learned friend's statement amounts to this:—that '*With all my worldly goods I thee endow,*' really means, '*With half my worldly*

goods I thee endow; and the other half I keep for myself.'

"Now, surely, my Lord, if it be legitimate for the counsel for the plaintiff so to murder the Queen's English, or, at least, so to mutilate it as to take away half its life, half its meaning; it is equally legitimate for me, the counsel for the defendant, to take away the other half, and, in very charity, put the mutilated sentence out of its misery, and declare that — custom has established that it means nothing at all; — that it is simply an idle form of religious words which have had no legal force since the reign of Edward the 3rd, when the canon law ceased to be dominant in this country. They form no part of the civil contract of marriage, as is evidenced by their not being employed in marriages conducted at the office of the Registrar.

"But, setting that aside, and waiving my right to follow my learned friend's example and murder the half of the meaning of the passage, and accepting his interpretation of the remainder, I contend that those words could not, as my learned friend states, constitute an endowment,—a deed of gift; for they lack one of the essentials to such a deed,—a description of the thing bestowed; without which description no such deed is valid.

"Besides, who ever heard of such a claim being brought forward? Yet, surely, if the right existed, it

xx.]

would have been brought forward ages ago. But I suppose there was no youthful Dan'el in those days to bring forth judgment; no one really *earnest* enough to bring it to light. *Now*, it has become obsolete through the sanctity of custom."

He sat down; and all eyes were turned on the young pleader for his reply.

A flush had overspread his cheeks at the covert sarcasm of the concluding remarks of the opposing counsel; but it passed in a moment; and, with the calm dignity of one who is conscious that he has right on his side, Ernest Aldam again addressed the court.

"My Lord," he began, "it were needless for me to repeat what I have said; for, the close attention which you have bestowed upon the case has not escaped my notice. It is receiving, and will receive, from you that careful thoughtfulness which the importance of the subject demands; and although the playful remarks of counsel for the defendant may have caused a smile to pass over your countenance, those remarks have not, I am sure, deflected for one instant the piercing rays of truth which you have desired, and do desire, should enter your mind. The subject under consideration is not one for mirth; and he who can treat it with levity feels little the responsibility of those matters which should not only engage, but should absorb, his attention."

A murmur of applause ran through the court at this

scathing repartee of the young barrister, whose ability his opponent had evidently underrated.

The court was crowded, principally by members of the legal profession; for, the course of argument about to be adopted by the young barrister with his maiden brief had got known among them, and had excited unusual interest.

“Very far be it from me, then,” he continued, “to emulate the example of one, even though of riper years, who makes a diversion of truth in order to distract your attention; and then, in a cloud of words, rakes up the dust of ages and throws it into your eyes, hoping that you may not be able to see the living, throbbing, agonized presence of the iniquitous wrong which I have laid bare before you.

“We have been told that the truth is ‘obsolete through the sanctity of custom.’ What! Is truth no longer truth because it has been hidden for generations? Is modern discovery to be scouted from the earth because it was not made centuries ago? Is only that true which is new? One thing at least is false which is new; and that is the doctrine that the sanctity of the marriage vows has become obsolete through custom! Are you willing, my Lord, to uphold this foul heresy? Forgive the insult of the question. I retract it. I know that by you, and by every Englishman worthy the name, the sanctity of the marriage vows made to our mothers, to our wives, to our sisters, and to our daughters

ix.]

will for ever be held to be inviolate, and that you will proclaim this to the world by your judgment to-day."

Almost deafening applause followed, but was instantly suppressed by the usher to the court.

On silence being restored, the young barrister turned again to the judge; and, continuing his address, said:—

"My Lord, in reference to the assertion of counsel for the defendant that the endowment covenant in the marriage contract is invalid as a deed of gift because it does not contain a description of the property given, I need scarcely remark that this is utterly at variance with truth, as your lordship well knows; for it is an established fact that it is not necessary that the property should be so described in the contract, as to admit of no doubt what it is; seeing that the identity of the actual thing described may be shown by extrinsic evidence. This flows from the very necessity of the case; for, all actual things, except the contract itself, being outside of, and beyond, the contract, the connection between the words expressing the contract and things outside it, must be established by something other than the contract itself; that is, by extrinsic evidence.

"The contract entered into in the marriage ceremony cannot be declared void, as to the property, for want of a detailed description of it. It is, 'all his worldly goods.' What those consisted of must, of necessity, be established by evidence other than the deed itself. Therefore the legal, or, rather the illegal, objection raised by counsel

for the defendant, as to the validity of the contract, falls to the ground.

“It was said, by my learned friend, that the endowment clause forms no part of the legal contract of marriage. That is true of marriages conducted elsewhere than in the Church of England,—in a registrar’s office, for instance, for there no such words are used;—but, in marriages conducted in the Church of England, those words *are* used; and the man using them is bound by them.

“And now, for that strange argument which my learned friend brought forward with respect to my averment concerning the oneness of husband and wife. He stated that it amounted to an avowal that each possesses a moiety of the estate.

“Although, in the event of judicial separation, the wife is justly entitled to a moiety of the estate; I affirmed no separation of the estate whatever *during marriage*; but that each then had a mutual *united* interest in the whole. Where would be the unity if either had an exclusive right in the property? Yet it is asserted that, because I claim for the wife that only which, in consideration of her unity with her husband, she could possess, I rob the endowment clause in the marriage contract of half its meaning, and therefore that it is perfectly legitimate for counsel for the defendant to take away the other half, and to declare that the endowment clause of the contract is null and void!

xx.]

## I THEE ENDOW.

"I confess that, when I heard counsel for the defendant make the astounding assertion of the nullity of the endowment clause in the marriage contract, I could scarcely believe my senses; for, it is an axiom that the violation of one part of a contract vitiates the whole, because in law every contract is an entirety. Therefore, if the endowment clause is to be declared void, the whole marriage contract will become void; and then there will be established this awful fact, that our mothers, our wives, our so-called 'married' sisters and daughters never were legally wed, if the service was conducted in the Church of England; consequently they are—I will not say what; but we and our children, and our children's children are bastards!

"Is this so? Can it be so? Will you assert it to be so by giving judgment for the defendant, and so proclaim to the world the invalidity of all Church of England marriages? No! unquestionably No! *Magna est veritas et prævalebit!*"

The thunders of applause which followed this peroration of the young barrister and were caught up again and again, despite all efforts of the court to quell them, were deafening; and when, at last, silence was restored, the Judge Ordinary proceeded to sum up the arguments, and it was evident that nothing which the opposing counsel had advanced could, in the slightest degree, weigh against the forensic logic and the natural eloquence of Ernest Aldam; and judgment was given



for the plaintiff, embodying judicial separation, the custody of the child, the nullity of the second deed gift, and alimony to the extent of half the property. The judgment called forth unbounded applause.

The opposing counsel gave notice of appeal.

The court then rose ; and old and young flocked round Ernest to shake by the hand the young Demosthenes, as his fellow students had called him, and to tender to him their praises and congratulations.

But there was observed, in a corner, as the court became clearer, a white-haired old man sitting, with his face buried in his hands, overcome by emotion. Ernest caught sight of him, and, in an instant, was by his side ; and father and son were locked in each other's arms.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Ernest's father had come up from Yorkshire, unknown to his son, to be present at the trial ; but the excitement proved too much for the old gentleman ; he completely broke down, being overwhelmed by the tide of congratulations which poured in upon his son, whose able advocacy had so gloriously won the day.

His fame spread like wild-fire ; and important briefs with large retaining fees were pressed upon him.

But Ernest longed to run down to Cromer to tell Helena all about it ; and he begged his father to accompany him ; adding, as an inducement, that by so doing he would renew his acquaintance with the lady-love of his early years.

Harold Hope and his father-in-law, Mr. Stanhope, spent with them the evening prior to their leaving town.

Of course, the chief topic of conversation was the recent trial and the notice of appeal.

"The ground which they will take," said Ernest, "will be that the judgment is contrary to the law which rules that, at marriage, all property is vested in the husband, and that, at the most, the wife can claim alimony only to the extent of one third of the property.

"But, if they do take that ground, I shall at once admit the first part to be the law ; adding that it is on the very ground that all the property does vest in the husband, that the endowment of his wife as his equal in the property is valid.

"He can do with his own as he pleases. The law, which says it is his, does not prohibit his parting with it: as I remarked, he may gamble it away, he may give it away, he may fool it away; and where is the statute which can restrain him?"

"That will be sailing on quite another tack," said young Hope.

"Yes," replied Ernest, "and one which they will not expect me to take; and if I can keep them to leeward of my intentions, I may take the wind out of their sails, while the smoke from my guns will drift into their faces and haply bewilder them.

"To drop the metaphor; in the appeal, I shall have to be very wary, for I shall be dealing with acute thinkers, whose minds are eminently conservative and therefore naturally inclined towards the opposing counsel whose principal argument will be based upon 'precedent'; and, to controvert that, will be my great difficulty. However, I will do my best."

"And leave the rest," added his father.

"Yes, Father; in warfare, as in every other event in life, we cannot do better than follow Cromwell's advice to his soldiers,—'Put your trust in Providence, and keep the powder dry.'"

They had a merry evening; and, on parting, Ernest received a renewal of the hearty congratulations of all; and from Mr. Stanhope, thanks and a cheque for a very handsome sum by way of a retainer for the appeal.

## CHAPTER XXII.

On the following morning, Ernest and his father started for Cromer; a telegram, announcing the result of the trial and their intended visit, having been sent on during the previous afternoon.

All was excitement and bustle at the Ivy Cottage.

The old folks had not met for fifty years; nor had Helena yet been introduced to Ernest's father, though the engagement had his entire approval.

Old Thomas, the gardener, mowed the lawn while the dew was yet on it; then the paths were swept, and the flower beds raked over; and clean straw was put into Rover's kennel, and Rover himself was well groomed, so that his coat was quite glossy.

Inside the cottage, too, renovation was going on all the morning. The old Chippendale furniture was polished; clean curtains were put up; fresh flowers decorated the tables; the feather-grass was washed shaken out, and laid in the sun to dry before being replaced in the quaint vases on the mantel-shelf.

Little nicknacks, which for convenience had been put away, were brought out again, etc., etc.; and, before the travellers arrived, all was in "apple-pie order", and the ladies were ready to receive them.

Helena wore a simple white muslin dress, on the left

shoulder of which was one of the "maiden's-blush" roses, and a spray of maiden's-hair fern tied with a bow and streamers of pale-blue ribbon.

The grandmother wore a black silk dress, cut rather low at the neck, and open in front, like a waistcoat, underneath which was a soft net handkerchief crossing over, and fastened by an oval brooch containing hair surrounded by pearls, the gift of Ernest's father half-a-century ago; during the whole of which time it had been jealously hidden away, and only occasionally taken out and kissed in affectionate remembrance of a lost love.

Very soon after the ladies' toilets had been completed, a well-known whistle was heard; and, in an instant, Rover was out of the house, down the garden path, over the gate, and jumping up frantically to welcome his friend.

Somebody in white was not far behind him, and was soon clasped in the fond embrace of her lover; who, after kissing her dear lips, introduced her to his father.

To the old gentleman it was like a vision of the past; for he recognized, in an instant, the striking likeness which she bore to the Helena, her grandmother, whom he had known in her youth and beauty, and whom he, with equal rapture, had clasped to his breast so long, long ago!

To describe the feelings of the old folks on meeting again after so prolonged a separation were impossible.

It was a joyous renewal of happiness born of fond recollections.

“The hopes and fears  
Of bygone years”

were recalled; but the memory of the lovers' quarrel that parted them was scattered to the winds of oblivion by the hearty breath of welcome with which each greeted the other.

The sorrow of the long-mourned-over past was forgotten; like a cloud it was irradiated, and then dissipated in the sunshine of the present; and the gulf which for years had separated them was spanned by a bridge of solid happiness, the keystone of whose arch was love.

We will leave them leaning over the parapet of that bridge, and communing with each other of the vicissitudes of life, and of the error of their own lives being about to be condoned by the union of their children.

If it were difficult to describe the feelings of the old folks, still more difficult would it be to describe the feelings of the young ones.

They strolled round the garden, along the shady avenue of limes, to the rose-trellised bower, overlooking the richly-wooded valley and the distant sea, each heart overflowing with the silent happiness of love—she, leaning on his arm and pressing it to her bosom, he, with equal fondness clasping her hand to his heart. Thus,

though no words were spoken, each held converse with the other in the unuttered and unutterable eloquence of affection; their souls being too full of love for it to find adequate expression in language.

Presently a blue-eyed little boy, with long, golden curls, came running up to them; and Ernest recognized in him the little orphan whose sad history formed so painful an episode in the poem of his last visit.

"Have you brought your black bag?" said the little fellow, looking up into Ernest's face.

"Well, Edgar," said Ernest, taking the child into his arms, "how are you?"

"I'm quite well, thank you. Have you brought your black bag? Because Rover and I want to play at 'hide-and-seek' with it."

"No, little man; I have not brought my black bag this time; but I have brought a beautiful ball for you"; and, taking it from his pocket, he sent it rolling down the avenue; and the child scampered after it.

"He's a dear little fellow," said Helena, "and so affectionate."

"And am not I?" enquired Ernest.

"No you are not," she replied.

"You don't mean that, I'm sure."

"I do, though," she said.

"O Helena! why do you say so? Look me in the face, and tell me."

"I say so, because it is true. You are not 'a dear

*little* fellow, and so affectionate;’ but a dear *big* fellow, and so affectionate.”

Then, bounding away from him, she ran after the child, and Ernest after her, catching her on the grass plot.

The old folks watched them from a seat under the study window, and felt as if they themselves were living over again the happy days of their early love.

In the evening, Ernest related to them the particulars of his visit to Dieppe, and his dream on the steamer; but still he could not remember the strange word which poor Claude Howard had uttered when, lying in the litter, Ernest had gazed on his emaciated features.

Ernest then told them of his travelling companion, Harry Thornton, and of his generously offering to accompany him, if, under the renewed impression of the reality of his dream as indicating an actual state of things, he resolved to go in search of Claude.

“But surely, dear Ernest,” said Helena, “you do not think of piercing the trackless desert of the Sahara in search of him?”

“I would go to the end of the earth on such a quest,” answered Ernest, “if I felt that there were even a remote probability of finding him and effecting his rescue.”

“I am sure you would,” remarked Helena; “but God grant that it may not be necessary.”

“Now, sing us a song, Ernest,” said the old lady; “one of your own composition. I like them so much;



and so does Helena, if I may judge by her fondness for that serenade which you sang under her window when last you were here."

"O Grandmother, you should not tell tales; besides, you will make Ernest vain."

"Not very easily," said his father; "he carries too much of the ballast of good common sense, for his vessel to be careened by a passing puff of praise."

"Thanks, Father; it is very good of you to take my part. Well, ladies; what will you have?"

"Another serenade," said Helena, laughing and blushing.

"Under your window?"

"You may imagine yourself there," said the old lady, "but sing it here, please; and then we all shall have the pleasure of hearing it."

"And," whispered the old gentleman to her, "you may imagine that *I* am singing it under *your* window."

"Oh! Mr. Aldam, how naughty!" said the old lady, blushing.

So Ernest sang the following; Helena playing his accompaniment.

COME TO ME, DEAREST ONE.

*A Serenade.*

Come to me, dearest one; twilight is fading:

Soon will the stars o'er the sleeping world shine;

Bright eyes, whose beauty long lashes are shading,

Smile in your fulness of love into mine.

III.]

**D**ark is my spirit when thou art not near me ;  
Heavy my heart, love, when thou art away ;  
**O**pen thy casement, mine own one, and hear me ;  
Come forth, and turn thou my night into day.

**C**ome, let thy fond eyes, like stars brightly shining,  
Smile from that heaven of love, thy dear face ;  
**W**hile, with these arms round thy gentle form twining,  
Heart beats to heart, in affection's embrace.

**N**ow is the hour when each floweret enfoldeth  
Beauty and fragrance within its fond breast :  
**D**reaming of these, each sweet blossom beholdeth  
Some beloved flower in its sleep, and is blessed.

**D**earest, in *thy* dreams, let *me* be the flower  
Clasped to thy heart and receiving thy kiss ;  
**N**or in thy dreams alone, oh, no, this hour  
Come thou and fill up my chalice of bliss.

**C**ome, let thy fond eyes, like stars brightly shining,  
Smile from that heaven of love, thy dear face :  
**W**hile with these arms round thy gentle form twining,  
Heart beats to heart, in affection's embrace.

“ I cannot understand,” said the old gentleman,  
anxious to turn the conversation from the memory of  
the song that had just been sung, the amatory nature  
of which he did not know when he asked the old lady  
to imagine *him* singing it to *her* beneath her window,  
“ I cannot understand how so logical a mind as yours,  
Ernest, can be so poetically imaginative. The logic of

dry facts seems to me to be the very antithesis of poetry."

"Poets, Father," replied Ernest, "are accustomed to think deeply; and upon anything on which a rightly-constituted mind has thought deeply, it is able to express itself logically; and, if it possess a love of the beautiful, its rhetoric will naturally be florid and poetical. To me, the two classes of ideas in the same mind, do not seem to be at all out of harmony; for, the just arrangement of words, which is an essential quality in all true poetry, necessitates, for that purpose, the possession of logical acumen; without that, though there may be a poetical imagination, the possessor will be no poet—he will not be able to clot his ideas in a logical sequence of words.

"Now, Father," said Ernest, "I know that your singing days are past; but if you will favour us with recitation, I am sure that Grandmother and Helen will be pleased."

"Indeed, we shall," they both said in a breath.

Thus importuned, old Mr. Aldam recited

#### AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE.

Life's beauteous spring of promise and its summer's sun-  
days

Have merged into the autumn, with its golden roseate ray-

But though our years are waning, love, and lengthen-  
shadows cast,

Our hearts are still retaining, love, the freshness of the pas-

**We** have the same glad fondness now for all that's good and true

**As**, in life's early summer time, our joyous spirits knew ;

**The** same love of the beautiful in thought, and word, and deed,

**And** tender sympathy of heart for all who are in need.

**The** same love for each other, too—the same, yet not the same—

**For** dearer, clearer, brighter glows love's ever sacred flame ;

**Consuming** from our souls the dross of doubt, distrust, and fears,

**And** casting light along our path through earth's dark vale of tears.

**Love** throws upon the darkest clouds the rainbow hues of peace,

**As** heralds of that happy time when all life's storms shall cease.

**Thank** God for love, for human love—a boon to mortals given,

**To** turn their sorrow's night to day, and make this earth a Heaven.

**None** was more emphatic in praise of the recitation than was the old lady. And old Mr. Aldam's dark eyes sparkled with delight to think that she was pleased.

“ And now,” said he, looking fondly at her, “ may I ask for a song from one who used to sing to me in days gone by ; and whose voice still retains its sweetness ? ”

At the compliment a blush overspread the clear  
 complexioned face of the old lady; and she said  
 "Ah! Mr. Aldam, you're as great a flatterer as ever.  
 I am willing to do my best; but my voice is only a  
 tremulous faint echo of what it was. I will sing you  
 'Cherished Memories!'"

"A very charming subject," said the old gentleman.

#### CHERISHED MEMORIES.

Oh, regret not the past; it has perished;

But its fond recollections remain,

Like the fragrance of flowers we cherished,

But which never will blossom again.

We still keep the dead leaves of those flowers;

Not to mourn that they faded and died;

But to bring back the memories of hours

When they bloomed in their beauty and pride.

Even so, though some bright hopes were blighted,

Why with tears should we life's chalice fill?

Better dwell on the days when, delighted,

Those bright hopes were bright hopes to us still,

Let us keep the dead leaves of those flowers;

Not to mourn that they faded and died;

But to bring back the memories of hours

When they bloomed in their beauty and pride.

The song elicited great applause, especially from  
 Mr. Aldam, who said that the sentiment was as sweet

as were the words, and as the fragrance of the flowers themselves; but both words and sentiment were surpassed by the sweet voice of the singer, which rendered the poet's thoughts with such truth and brightness.

The old lady laughed, and shook her snowy head; but she nevertheless treasured the welcome flattery in her heart.

"Now, Helena, dear," said her lover, "as we are having a musical evening, you must contribute your share of the entertainment. What will you sing? 'Eyes of Love?'"

"If you like," she said, looking at him with eyes that were truly those of love. "Will you play my accompaniment?"

"Yes, darling," he whispered, "all through life, with the greatest pleasure."

At which, pretty speech, love beamed forth even more brightly than before, from those

#### EYES OF LOVE.

The sunny smile of day is past,  
 The flowers close their lovely eyes,  
 The song of birds is hushed at last  
 And all the scene in slumber lies;  
 But 'neath the deepening shades of night  
 There shine, through drifting clouds above,  
 Glad stars whose beauteous souls of light  
 Beam brightly forth through eyes of love.

And so, when grief's night gathers o'er,  
And life's sweet joys, like flowers, sleep,  
And hope's glad song is heard no more,  
And shadows round our path lie deep ;  
How often through the gloom of night  
There shineth, as from heaven above,  
Some star whose beauteous soul of light  
Beams kindly forth through eyes of love.

Ernest rose from the piano, kissed the dear lips which had sung so sweetly and with such true feeling, and said, in answer to her request for a song from him, "Well, what shall it be ? I think that, as it is getting late, the recitation of 'Good Night' will be appropriate."

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night ! Good night ! for, high in heaven o'er me,  
The stars are pouring down their silvery light.  
Good night ! Good night ! ye starry eyes before me—  
But how can I to you exclaim Good night ?  
For, when those lovely orbs are lost to sight  
Beneath their long, dark, silken lashes sleeping,  
The spirit of their beams, like angels bright  
Whose love is ever through their glad eyes leaping,  
Will, 'round me in my dreams, their gentle watch be keeping.

A stream o'erhung by flowers will joy to dwell  
On many a charm which those sweet flowers possess ;  
And I, did time permit, would joy to tell  
The many lovely things your eyes express.

xvii.] I THEE ENDOW.

Good night! Good night! May He whose smile can bless  
Your peaceful sleep, and make the darkness bright

With starry thoughts, give you in happiness  
To dream of that resplendent world of light  
Where partings are unknown, and where there is no night,

But one long, joyous, summer's day of love,

Unclouded by a sorrow or a care.

Nor let us only *dream* of Heaven above,

But work, and trust, and pray, its joys to share.

Heaven is no place for idlers! Oh, beware

My soul, of making such a dread mistake.

Would'st thou the conqueror's palm of victory bear?

Then battle for the truth, for truth's dear sake;

And, after death's calm sleep, thou shalt in Heaven awake.

After this 'Good Night,' all retired to rest; the old  
folks to dream of the past; the young ones to dream  
of the future.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

In the morning they all went for a walk, Rover, of course, accompanying them.

It need not be said how they paired, or that the couples did not keep close enough together to hear what each said ; that will be understood.

What was the subject of the old folk's conversation never transpired ; and what the young ones said can be well imagined, and, therefore, need not be told.

They had not gone far, before there was the report of a gun.

Rover bounded off into a coppice in the direction of the report, and soon returned with a large bird in his mouth.

Ernest took it from him, and found that it was a poor jay which had been wounded in the wing, but not hopelessly. Its beautiful blue feathers were stained with blood ; and he gently bound its wings close to its body with Helena's handkerchief, so that it could not injure the wounded wing by flapping it. It was a pretty creature, and Helena carried it very tenderly.

By this time the old folks had caught up to them ; and the injury of the poor bird was the subject of remark ; one and all condemning it as an act of wanton cruelty.

Old Mr. Aldam was specially indignant. He said,

“A man who can find ‘*sport*’ in inflicting suffering and death on a fellow creature, disgraces his manhood, and is unworthy, not only of happiness, but of existence.

“The English language is contaminated by having in it the words ‘*sport*’ and ‘*game*’ used in connection with the agonies and death throes of poor creatures hunted for amusement, and maimed or slaughtered to exalt the praise of the marksmen’s skill!

“I should sincerely like to see the other side have an innings, and the ‘*sportsmen*’ running in very terror, pursued by the avenging ‘*game*.’

“What fools they would look! and how they would yell! for, as a rule, cruel men are arrant cowards; and the converse holds equally true:—where was there ever a nobler and kinder man than General Gordon? and where was there ever a braver?

“Of course, my remark about the other side having an innings does not refer to such brutes as man-eating tigers; one of which had a horrible innings the other day.”\*

---

\* THE MAN-EATING TIGRESS AND HER VICTIM.

The notorious Jounsar man-eating tigress has, writes the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*, at last been killed by a young forest officer. This tigress has been the scourge of the neighbourhood of Chakrata for the last ten years, and her victims have been innumerable. On one occasion she seized one out of a number of foresters who were sleeping together in a hut, carried him off, and deliberately made him over to her cubs to play with, while she protected their innocent gambols from being disturbed. His companions were eventually forced to take refuge in a tree from her severe attacks. Here they witnessed the following ghastly tragedy. The tigress

On their return to the cottage, they put the poor bird into a large hamper, with hay in it to serve the double purpose of a nest for the invalid, and packing to keep steady a jar of water towards which they turned his head.

Subsequently, it became tame enough to take peas and

---

went back and stood over the prostrate form of her victim, and purred in a cat-like and self-complacent way to her cubs, who were romping and rolling about the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and with blinking eyes watched the gambols of her young progeny. In a few moments the man sat up and tried to beat the young brutes off. They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt to shake himself free, and started off at a run; but before he had gone twenty yards the tigress bounded out and brought him back to her cubs. Once more the doomed wretch had to defend himself over and over again from their playful attacks. He made renewed attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and cries for help were heartrending; but the men in the tree were paralysed with fear and quite unable to move. At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs, and the wretched man was thrown about and tossed over her head exactly as many of us have seen our domestic cat throw rats and mice about before beginning to feed on them. The man's efforts at escape grew feebler. For the last time they saw him try to get away on his hands and knees towards a large fig tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs. This final attempt was as futile as the rest. The tigress brought him back once again, and then held him down under her forepaws, and deliberately began her living meal before their eyes. It was this formidable beast that the young Coopers Hill officer and a student attacked on foot. They were working up her trail, fifteen yards apart, when suddenly Mr. Ormaston heard his younger companion groan, and turning round saw him borne to the ground by the tigress. Mr. Ormaston fortunately succeeded in shooting her through the spine, and a second ball stopped her in mid spring. Meantime his companion rolled over the hill, and was eventually discovered insensible a few feet away from his terrible assailant. He is terribly mauled, and now lies at the Chakrata Station Hospital, where hopes of his recovery are entertained.

cherries out of the hand, or, indeed, anything, for jays are omnivorous.

It was a young bird, and became a great pet, hopping on the lawn after Helena, who was its chief favorite.

There was no cat at the cottage; so the jay was safe from molestation.

Rover was very fond of it, except when he thought it was receiving an undue share of attention from Helena. But when that ceased, he wagged his tail, and was as amiable as ever.

How there came to be no cat at the cottage was very singular; it was frightened away by a crow!

This was how it happened:—a pair of starlings had built their nest under one of the eaves, in the roof; and puss, hearing the chirping of the young brood, crept stealthily out of the dormer window and thence along the roof towards the nest, and tried to reach under the eaves with her paw.

The old birds flew about the spot uttering piercing cries of distress which attracted other starlings; and if noise could have deterred the cat from her nefarious purpose, certainly it would have been done.

But puss cared for none of the birds, nor for all of them together. Further, under the roof, she cautiously put her paw, and louder became the screams of the parent birds and their friends; till an old crow, who was flying over, saw how matters stood, and the great

black-winged creature, with an awful croak, swooped down on the cat's back, and hurled her from the roof.

She fled in terror, and was never seen again; while the old crow continued his deliberate flight with an unmistakable chuckle; his old sides shaking with his "caw! caw! caw!"

"Your speaking of cats," said Mr. Aldam, Senr., "reminds me of a story told me by a friend who at one time lived in St. John's Wood, and had removed into town.

"When in St. John's Wood, he was much annoyed by cats scratching up his flower beds; and, on seeing a cat in his garden, he used to send his little black-and-tan terrier to chase it away, saying to him with much emphasis, 'Where is the cat, Gyp? Where is she? Seize her! There, see, she's destroying the flowers.'

"Off rushed the dog, and puss was immediately up a tree, and out of his reach.

"Well, one morning about two years after coming into town to reside, bringing, of course, his little dog with him, he was having family prayers and was reading from Isaiah xxxiii. 18, when, all at once, up jumped the little dog, and ran to the window, barking excitedly.

"After prayers, my friend said to his wife, 'I wonder what made Gyp do that?'

"Oh," she said, "you were reading, '*Where is the scribe? Where is the receiver? Where is he that*

counted the towers?’ and Gyp evidently thought that you were speaking to him and saying, ‘Where is the cat, Gyp? Where is she? Seize her. There, see, she’s destroying the flowers.’ The sound and sequence of the words are very similar.”

In the afternoon they sat in the garden under a spreading walnut-tree, the best of all trees for shade combined with freedom from insects; and there Ernest read aloud out of ‘*Selections from Ruskin*,’ a book which he almost invariably carried with him into the country when he went for rest and recreation. “The sentiments are ennobling,” said Ernest, “the language is almost perfect, and the word-pictures are marvels in their vividness of reproduction.

“Here is a graphic description of the old tower of Calais Church; every word is a study:—‘The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what anyone thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty or desirableness, pride or grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going

through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets : so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise.'

"Ruskin's description of a pine forest in the Jura, too, could not have been written but by a lover of nature," said Ernest. "Listen to this:—

"'Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters, crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes, only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into *nebulae*; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *Mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow; and, ever and anon,

a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places ; and in the more open ground the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina* and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss.’”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Aldam, “ that is, indeed, word-painting ; it is a picture of beauty by a lover of nature and a lover of the art of truthful delineation. I do not wonder, Ernest, at your choosing such a book for a companion. As one reads it, one seems to be holding communion with a spirit that is intimate with the Creator.

“ In the contemplation of the works of GOD the soul realizes something of the infinite love that has gemmed the earth with flowers and the heavens with stars, and has so adapted the mind of man to appreciate the beautiful, that it is to him an unfailing source of rapturous exultation.”

Thus the days passed pleasantly by,—days of peace and rest wherein the mind had leisure to look out upon creation, and in upon itself, and to meditate on the use or the misuse, it was making of life, with a view to its momentous issues ;—leisure to reflect upon the immensity that there is to learn of the works and ways of Providence, and the certainty of the never-ceasing flight of the years of our life, and the utter impossibility of recovering even one moment of it that has gone ; and



leisure to reflect, not only upon the vastness of the stores of unattained knowledge, and the irrevocableness of the past, but also upon the unalterableness of the limit of the future, in which we have to learn what remains of the lesson of life, or leave it for ever unlearned!

Ah! were it not that, amid such thoughts, there comes in with them the consciousness that "HE knoweth our frame, HE remembereth that we are dust," the mind would stagger under the accumulated weight of its own reflections. But, with that consciousness, we feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms," and the soul finds peace.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Again, in a dream, Ernest was travelling in the desert of Sahara; again he saw the troop of Nubians with their camels, and, in a litter, the weary and wasted form of young Claude Howard; and the parched lips again uttered to him the word, "Bâghzen"; and he awoke, and the vision vanished like a mirage!

Ernest was troubled; he felt that the repeating of the dream, and especially the recalling in his dream the mysterious word which, in his waking hours, had entirely escaped his memory was, to say the least of it, very remarkable.

At breakfast he related his dream, and said that he felt impressed that Claude was alive, and in need of his assistance, and, therefore, it was his duty to go to Africa in search of him.

The long vacation, he said, was just at hand, and he should have time, he believed, to go and be back by the Easter law sittings.

The thought that one whom his sister, Winifred, loved was in need of prompt assistance abroad, while he, Ernest, was basking in the sunshine of enjoyment in England, was unendurable; and he resolved at once to write to his late travelling companion, Harry Thornton, and acquaint him with the resolve.

Of course, Helena was grieved at the thought of his leaving her for so long; and she, woman like, was not without fear that the contemplated journey was one of danger.

But she was a noble little creature: and not one to hang her clinging arms around her lover's neck, and detain him from duty.

Mr. Aldam, Senr., replying to the pressing invitation of the old lady and Helena, decided to prolong his visit at Cromer.

With Ernest, to resolve and to carry out his resolve, were almost simultaneous acts;—the thought, the decision, was like the lightning flash, to be followed instantaneously by the rolling thunder of the chariot wheels of action.

He wrote to his friend, Thornton, by the midday mail, acquainting him with his purpose; though, as he said, to hunt for a man in Africa, without knowing anything more definite than that he believed he was somewhere in the desert of Sahara, was indeed very much like "hunting for a needle in a bottle of straw."

But, foolish or not, he felt that he was called to attempt it: and attempt it, he would; and, if Thornton could join him in the search, he should think himself fortunate in having his assistance; but, if not, he would go alone.

In a postscript to his letter, he added, that his resolution to make the attempt was instigated by a

recurrence of the dream which he had previously related to Thornton; and that the word which was uttered by his lost friend, and which, fortunately, he now remembered, though it had escaped him before, was "Bâghzen".

That same evening, Ernest was back in London; and, on the following morning, he received a hastily-written note from Thornton, saying that he had got his letter on the previous evening, just as he was about to leave his chambers to catch the Continental night-mail, on his way to Suakim; adding that he should be happy to accompany Ernest, and would meet him, on or about October the first, at the third cataract on the Nile, as that would be in the direct route for Bâghzen, which, he informed Ernest, was a group of mountains in the very centre of the Sahara.

"Get your outfit at Silver's," he said; "they will know what you will need, including gifts for the natives; and take with you the cash that has been offered for the discovery and recovery of your friend; deposit it with Rothschilds at Cairo, and ask them for an acknowledgment in Arabic, promising to honour your signature for that amount. Then, if possible, I will get it endorsed for you by the Sultan of Asben, residing at Agades; and, if your friend is in the land of the living, we shall find him and bring him home with us rejoicing."

That day, Ernest called on Mr. Stanhope, told him

of his projected journey, and said that if the appeal in the case of Askwyth v. Askwyth were put down for hearing before his return, he should be glad if he would ask for an adjournment.

He then went on to Cornhill, and ordered his outfit; and thence to the Bank of England, and got an order on Rothschilds at Cairo, for the amount of the ransom of his friend, and cash for necessary expenses.

These matters being completed, he returned to his chambers, and wrote to his sister, Winifred, as follows :


MY DEAR WINIFRED,

Twice I have dreamed of poor Claude, dreamed that he was alive, but in captivity and ill; and that, each time I saw him, he uttered to me the word "Bâghzen".

What it meant, I could not imagine; but a friend, who has been a great African traveller, tells me that it is the name of a group of mountains in the very centre of the Sahara, and he has offered to go with me in search of Claude.

I have gladly, for your sake, my darling sister, accepted his offer, and I start for Cairo in a few days, and go up the Nile to the third cataract, where he will meet me. Thence our route lies due west for fifteen hundred miles, which we must travel on camels.

Of course our search may be in vain; and the dreams prove to have been only the outcome of an excited brain dwelling on the unknown fate of poor Claude.



But, if so, how strange it is that I should dream of a place of which I had never heard, but which, actually, exists in the very part of Africa where, in my dream, I heard its name!

You know that I believe there may be such a power as electrical attraction between minds which are *en rapport* with each other; and that spirit can hold intercourse with spirit without the intervention of the body; for if, after death, the spirit can live and act, independently of the body; then, in life, the spirit can live and act independently of the body. Why not?

And, granting that, why may it not have been so in my sleep, and the spirit of Claude have asked my help; I only of all his friends being able to render him the needful assistance?

God grant me success, for Claude's sake, but more especially for yours. May you each be delivered from your respective captivities, and be restored to the sunlight and freedom of existence, to rejoice in the love of Him "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

Believe me ever,

My dear Winifred,

Your affectionate brother,

ERNEST ALDAM.

To Miss WINIFRED ALDAM,

*Convent of the Visitation,*

*Roselands, Walmer.*



## CHAPTER XXV.

Ernest's luggage having been dispatched by steamer, he had three days before starting overland to catch it at Brindisi; during which time he had leisure to put his affairs in order, and to make himself familiar with the general bearings of the country which he was about to visit; at least, as far as it was possible to do so, by consulting the best atlases at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society in Savile Row; that Society receiving from the Government an annual grant of £500, on condition, *inter alia*, that its library shall be accessible to the public.

To Helena, of course, he found time to send a loving *à Dieu*, and to promise her a letter as often as opportunity should present itself for sending one; but as, after leaving the valley of the Nile, such opportunities would be few, and exceedingly untrustworthy, he begged her not to lose heart as to his safety, if months elapsed without her hearing from him.

"Remember, dear Helena," said he, "that go where I will, I cannot go where God is not. 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there will His hand lead me, and His right hand will hold me;' and this shall be the daily

expression of my confidence in Him during all my wanderings. What though 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;' God will 'make the wrath of man to praise Him; and the remainder of that wrath He will restrain.'

"Fear not, my darling; 'the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect towards Him.' As for you and me, let us 'lift up our faces unto God, and make our prayer unto Him, and He will hear us, and the light shall shine upon our ways.'

"And now, 'the Lord bless thee, and keep thee,' my Helena; 'the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

"This is the heartfelt prayer of thy devoted lover,

"ERNEST ALDAM.

"P.S.—My love and a fond farewell to father and grandmother, and the little earl, and a pat to dear old Rover.

"I cannot put into words my heart's love for you, dear Ernest; it is unutterable. God bless you.

"E. A."

Harold Hope met him at Charing Cross station to see him off, and begged his acceptance of a sharp little fox terrier as a companion.

He thought he would be useful as a watch-dog in the



tent at night; and by day he would not be much extra for the camel to carry when traversing the sandy desert.

The little fellow was in a comfortable, light wicker dog-kennel, which the donor had had made with a double roof, having a good space between, so that the interior of the kennel might be comparatively cool.

Moreover, with the little dog, whose name was "Vixen," but, for shortness, "Vix," his late master presented Ernest with a through ticket for the dog to Brindisi; so it was a generous gift, very gracefully given; and Ernest thanked his friend accordingly.

The train started; he waved his friend a parting salute, and felt all the less lonely for the consciousness that he was taking with him a little creature that he was sure would soon become attached to him, and prove to be a faithful companion.

Ernest was very fond of dogs; and held the opinion that in many things they put to shame their masters, the boastful "lords of creation!"

It was the tidal train by which Ernest was travelling; and on that day it had left Charing Cross at midday.

Two ladies were in the compartment with him; and, during the journey to Folkestone, one of them related to the other the following story which, as near as Ernest could recollect, was in the words in which it is here given:—

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE LADIES' COMPARTMENT.

#### *A True Narrative.*

“The following narrative of a strange adventure that I once had is absolutely true in every particular. It occurred to me in travelling between London and Paris by this very train; and, when I tell you that I have performed the journey between the two cities more than three hundred times during the past five-and-thirty years, you will know that I am no novice in travelling. But, had I been one, I could not have—however, I must not anticipate my story.

“At noon, one fine day in the autumn of 1880, I left Charing Cross, as we have done to-day, by the tidal train, having, as usual, booked my luggage through to Paris.

“My husband accompanied me to the station to see me off, for I was going to travel alone; and I, having bidden him ‘Good-bye,’ and taken my seat in a saloon carriage, looked round to see what fellow travellers I had, and what prospect there was of the ladies’ compartment in the train from Boulogne to Paris being more or less occupied.

“I was glad to see that there were but three ladies in the carriage; so I hoped that I should be able to lie

down from Boulogne to Paris, as we should not reach there till near midnight.

“I did not notice anything particular about any of my fellow passengers, excepting that the lady sitting next to me had most beautiful golden hair.

“Nothing worthy of remark occurred until we arrived at Boulogne. I then went to take my place in the compartment of the railway carriage set apart ‘*pour dames seul*’; and, on my opening the door, I saw lying on one of the seats a lady’s small shawl and a square macintosh, such as is used to envelop travelling rugs, &c.

“I said to myself, ‘It is evident that I am to have one companion’; and soon the owner of the shawl and square of macintosh appeared at the door of the carriage.

“I could not discern her features, for she wore a veil; but I recognized the beautiful golden hair.

“She was considerably above the middle stature; indeed, you would have said that she was decidedly tall. She wore a long sealskin ulster which, fitting tight and being fastened down to the bottom, made her getting into the carriage rather difficult, as the step was high.

“I gave her my hand to assist her, and we soon got into conversation. She told me that she was going to meet her husband who was coming from Vienna.

“As I knew the Austrian capital, it formed the

subject of discourse between us for a little while. We spoke also of yachting, and of various other matters; and she mentioned the wretched accommodation at the buffet at Boulogne railway station, she having been unable to obtain there anything that she could fancy.

“I said that we should soon be at Amiens, where the provisions were always excellent; and, in the meantime, I begged her acceptance of a little wine that I had with me.

“She thanked me, accepted the offer, and in return gave me a biscuit, which I ate; and, feeling sleepy, I took off my bonnet, and, laying it by my bag on the opposite seat, was soon asleep.

“I was awakened by my fellow traveller saying, ‘We are at Amiens; how soundly you have slept! Are you not going to have some refreshment?’ I replied, ‘No, thank you, I do not care to take anything.’

“My companion then got out; and I, feeling very stupid, tried to rouse myself; and, taking up my bonnet, found to my surprise that the strings were wet.

“I thought that I must have spilled the wine; but no, the bottle was in my bag and safely corked.

“While I was still wondering how the wet could have got there, my fellow traveller returned.

“I showed her my bonnet strings, and she laughed and changed the subject of conversation by again offering me some biscuits which she said were very good.

“Out of courtesy I took one, and had no sooner

eaten it than again I was off to sleep; and I did not awake until the train was slackening speed just before stopping at the terminus in Paris; and then my awaking was accompanied by a dazed feeling, such as I remembered experiencing when recovering from the effects of an anæsthetic after a dental operation.

“I had no power to move or to speak; but I saw my fellow traveller take off the sealskin hat and the veil, and also, to my astonishment, the beautiful golden hair, and wrap the hair, and the veil, and the hat, in the square of macintosh.

“The sealskin ulster was then taken off, and, behold! my companion was a man.

“Still, great as was the shock, I could neither move nor scream.

“Deliberately he proceeded to turn the ulster inside out, and it became a gentleman’s fur lined coat, which he at once put on; and, from one of the pockets of which, he drew forth a soft travelling cap.

“He then gently let down the window of the carriage, opened the door, and stepped out into the darkness, just before the train came to a standstill at the platform of the Gare du Nord.

“I again became unconscious; and was awakened by one of the railway porters opening the door and telling me I was in Paris.

“On my not moving, he asked me whether I intended to stay all night in the carriage.

xxvi.]

" This roused me ; but how I got out, how I got my luggage through the *douane*, how I got a cab, and how I reached my hotel, I have not the slightest recollection. I suppose it must have been from habit.

" Throughout the night I was violently sick, and otherwise ill ; and the maid sat up with me until three o'clock in the morning.

" It was days before I recovered, and weeks before the effect wholly passed off.

" But who was my fellow traveller ? That is more than I can tell. I can imagine only that he was some one escaping in disguise from England, and who was anxious not to be seen by any of the police at the Paris railway station ; and my insensibility was essential to his escape while he changed his clothes and dropped out into the midnight darkness.

" When I returned to London and acquainted my husband with the circumstances, he asked me why I did not report the case to the police authorities.

" 'Because I am too old a traveller,' I said, 'to do any thing so foolish. Why, they would have detained me in Paris dancing attendance upon them for I do not know how long. No, no ; it was no concern of mine ; the past could not be undone ; and why should I waste my time over it ?'

" I will add only that I have never again travelled in the ladies' compartment ; and I do not think it likely that I ever shall do so."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It were needless to describe the journey to Cairo, or that evil-smelling, narrow-streeted, dirty city, with its bazaars, its mosques, and its minarets with their gilded cupolas; or the little naked Nubians on the banks of the Nile, or the white donkeys, or the alligators, or the camels, or the pyramids, or the ruins of Memphis or of Thebes, or the thousand-and-one other things which Ernest saw for the first time.

The route to the third cataract has been often described; and the reader need not be detained here with a recapitulation of such incidents as are common to every traveller.

Ernest's mind was full of thought for his lost friend who, if the dream about Bâghzen was true, had been taken captive, and carried into the very heart of the Sahara; and the captivity of his friend brought to his mind the captivity of his sister, and made him more resolute, if that were possible, to effect his release; believing, as he did, that if Claude Howard were home again, his *fiancée* would come round to the belief that it was not her vocation to be immured in a convent.

We boast of being free agents; but are we so in reality? Are we not, whether consciously or uncon-

sciously matters not, all more or less under the influence of others?

And so it is with our faiths; we think that we are led to believe this or that, by the evidence brought before us; as if it were purely a matter of judgment.

But our faith is to a far greater extent than we are willing to admit, influenced by our wills.

And Ernest believed that Winifred's knowledge that Claude was found and was home again, could such an event be accomplished, would lead to her renunciation of her self-imposed slavery in a convent.

He could not help smiling at the thought of the word "renunciation;" for he had no doubt that when once his sister had renounced her conventual life, there would be no more re-nun-ciation for her.

Still, it was his duty, as her brother, to lay before her the truth, according to his belief of it, in regard to her seclusion; so he wrote to her from Cairo, as follows:—

Cairo, August 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR WINIFRED,

You will see by the heading of this letter that I am in the land of the Pharaohs. I am, as I told you in my last, going up the Nile to meet, at the third cataract, a friend who has been a great traveller, and who is well acquainted with the Soudan, for he was for some years consul at Suakim.

From the third cataract we journey westward among the Arabs of the desert, in the hope of learning some-



thing of the fate of poor Claude. It may be a vain hope; but, at least we shall have done the last sad duties of affection, even if we fail.

And now, my dear Winifred, with regard to the sad life you have chosen,—you who were always so bright, and whose influence was always for good, so that the world was happier for your presence. When the eye saw you, it filled with gladness; and when the ear heard you, it blessed you; but now, the eye fills with tears at your absence, and the ear listens in vain for a footfall that never comes.

O Winifred! can you really believe that you are doing God's will in thus denying to your fellow creatures the help you might afford them?

I know that you say you are helping them by your prayers. Do not deceive yourself. It is the prayers of "the righteous" that avail much; and of whom was the apostle James speaking when he said so? Of Elijah the prophet; and if ever there was one who, in virtue of his having "power with God," might have thought himself called to devote his whole life to prayer, it was he.

In answer to his prayers, the heavens were closed three years and six months; and in answer to his prayers the heavens were opened, and fire descended and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and again were opened and the rain fell.

Yet, when he did, what you have done, fled from duty, and hid himself from his fellow creatures, there came to him this reproof from God,—“What doest

thou here Elijah? Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus," &c.

Believe me, dear Winifred, the old Latin proverb, "*Laborare est orare*," is still true.

Moses, at the Red Sea, cried to God, instead of doing his duty; and he also was reproved by Him for it:—"Why criest thou to Me, Moses? Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Yes, there is a time for all things; and he is not doing the will of God, who, instead of clothing and feeding the destitute, spends his time in praying that they may be "warmed and filled."

Do not think that I undervalue prayer. Far from it: I consider it to be one of the mightiest means of grace; and, being an ordinance of God's own appointing, must be for our good.

After promising his ancient people (and, therefore, us; for "whatsoever was written aforetime, was written for our time,") every blessing; He adds,—“I will yet, for all this, be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.”

And, considered morally, prayer is a blessing, It impresses on the mind the truth that "every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights," and induces thankfulness and gratitude to him for all things.

Some over-wise persons have taught that prayer is useless; that it is an attempt to change the Unchangeable.

It is quite the contrary. Prayer is in accordance

with the will of Him who framed the laws of our being, and who said,—“Ask, and ye shall receive.”

No; they who oppose prayer are they who are attempting to change the Unchangeable.

God direct you aright, my dear Winifred; and, in your prayers, remember

Your ever affectionate brother,

ERNEST ALDAM.

Ernest wrote to his father, giving him an interesting account of Cairo, and especially of the spot rendered famous by the massacre of the Mamelukes.

He told him, also, of the veiled ladies with their dark velvety eyes and their slaves; of which he begged to assure his father, he was not one. The only lady who held him in slavery being in England.

To her he wrote a farewell letter as he ascended the sacred river, posting it at Luxor.

In language worthy of Ruskin, but largely borrowed from that charming book by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, “*A Thousand Miles up the Nile*,” he described to Helena the glories of sunset behind the mountains of the Libyan desert:—

“Ridge beyond ridge, chain beyond chain, they stand, flushing crimson in light, and deepening through every tint of amethyst and purple in shadow, their summits fading into tenderest blue upon the horizon, they seem, as the sun goes down behind them, to glow,

to become incandescent, to be touched with flame—as in the old time, when every crater was a fount of fire.

“The palms, beneath which, darkness is slumbering, stand out black and bronzed against a golden sky ; and the pyramids, left far behind, look grey and ghostly in the distance.

“The twilight gloom lies warm upon the landscape with depths of beauty and repose, and darkens into the blue of night ; and now the stars are mirrored in the placid pools low-lying in the midst of lupin fields and tracks of tender barley ; and the lovely moon, rising, turns the bronzed palms to silver, and puts to flight the darkness that was slumbering beneath them.

“Good-bye, my love,” he wrote ; “I know that your thoughts, nay, your very soul, will go with me ; and your prayers will ascend with mine to the throne of the Eternal, asking—that the search for Claude may not be in vain.

“The glorious beauties of creation even in this desert, fill my mind with the complacent reflection that God, who is love, is everywhere ; and therefore, though a cloud rests on the fate of poor Claude, I will trust that He to whom the night shineth as the day, is looking down upon him in tenderest pity, and is graciously giving to him ‘the treasures of darkness.’”



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thornton, who had had to go along the Red Sea to Suakim, the scene of his late consulate, travelled thence westward across the Nubian desert to the third cataract on the Nile, where he had appointed to meet Ernest ; and, having arrived there first, he went to the oasis of Selimah, a great meeting place for caravans ; and, after the dilatory palaverings so common with eastern peoples, engaged a troop of fifty *mehára* camels of the renowned *Bú-Saef* breed, and eight-and-forty Itisan Arabs of the Berber desert.

These are a very fine race of men with sharply cut features and light complexions. The tribe is now a nomadic one ; but it formerly occupied the beautiful districts around Bâghzen, whither Thornton engaged them to go with him, having explained to the sheikh the object of his journey, and promised him, in addition to a stipulated sum, the large reward that had been offered, if he succeeded in recovering Claude Howard, who, he had reason to believe, was held in captivity there.

Fortunately Thornton was no stranger to the sheikh ; he having had intercourse with him a few years ago at

Suakim, and had rendered him some service, and thereafter had eaten bread and salt with him—a pledge of eternal friendship.

The day after Thornton returned from the oasis of Selimah to the third cataract, he was met by Ernest Aldam, who told him how deeply he felt his kindness in going with him.

“Don’t say a word about it, my dear fellow,” said Thornton; “it’s awfully jolly. I shall enjoy it greatly. I’ve hunted big game in the jungles of India; I’ve joined in the chase after slave dhows along the east coast of Africa; I’ve skimmed along the St. Lawrence in an ice yacht at the rate of a mile a minute; I’ve harpooned whales in Behrin’s Straits, &c., &c.; but I’ve never engaged in a hunt after a lost man; so it will be a new experience to me. And my knowledge of the ways, and haunts, and languages of the Arabs ought to be of some use to us in our expedition.

“Your dream,” he continued, “was certainly very remarkable, seeing that you did not know even the meaning of the word Bâghzen.

“It is a group of mountains lying due west from here, in the centre of the Sahara; and, as luck would have it, I have met with, and engaged, a sheikh whom I knew years ago, and eight-and-forty of his brave followers with their swift camels to accompany us; and though it is an awfully long journey in which, at the utmost, we can travel but fifty miles a day, we

shall manage it, I know; and, if your friend is there, we shall bring him back with us.

"Hello! got a little dog? What a nice little chap. What's his name?"

"'Vixen,' or for shortness, 'Vix.' He was given to me at Charing Cross, just as I was starting; the donor thinking that he might be useful as a watch dog in the tent at night.

"Not a bad idea; for Arabs are wily devils, and some of them are arrant thieves; but they are faithful to you if you have their confidence, as I have that of the fellows whom I have engaged."

Thornton introduced Ernest to the sheikh and to his men, to each of whom he gave a packet of Latakœa tobacco, which he had brought with him for that purpose; and they became sworn friends and smoked together, what the American Indians call the calumet of peace.

Thornton having asked them, "Will you take us safe to Bâghzen?" Instantly drawing their scimitars across their foreheads, they replied, "By our lives!"

"Enough," said Thornton; "we trust you."

The camels were watered and fed, and lay down with their long necks stretched out straight before them to rest through the noontide; it being resolved to start at a few hours before sunset.

Ernest greatly admired the camels; they were of a splendid breed. "It is," said Thornton, "a beast

admirably adapted for crossing the desert. The long neck raises the head high up where the air is cooler than it is near the burning sand; and the eyelashes are very long, and the eyes are kept half shut, and thus the camel escapes the densest of the dust, which rises in clouds when stirred by the foot, or swept by the wind. Moreover, the camel's long legs enable it to pass the same space with half the number of steps that an animal with shorter legs would take; and the broad cushioned feet are just suited for travelling swiftly over the soft, shifting sands of the desert, where even the deepest footsteps of man or beast disappear the moment that the foot is lifted."

As Ernest looked at these "ships of the desert," he recalled the description given of them in "*A Thousand Miles up the Nile*." It is as follows:—"The lying down and getting up of a camel are performances designed for the express purpose of inflicting grievous bodily harm upon his rider. Thrown twice forward and thrice backward, punched in the wind, and damaged in the spine, the luckless novice receives four distinct shocks, each more violent and unexpected than the last; for, this execrable hunchback is fearfully and wonderfully made. He has a superfluous joint somewhere in his legs, and uses it to revenge himself upon mankind.

"He has four paces:—a short walk, like the rolling of a small boat in a chopping sea; a long walk, which



dislocates every bone in your body; a trot, which reduces you to imbecility; and a gallop, which is sudden death.

“It is a punishment to which one would not willingly be the means of condemning any human being—not even a reviewer.”

This was not encouraging; but as there was no other mode of locomotion across the Libyan desert and the Great Sahara, it had to be accepted; and, like most of the troubles that meet us in life, it was, after all, found to be not so very terrible. Ernest did not have his bones dislocated; he was not reduced to imbecility; nor did he suffer sudden death.

The unusual motion made him a little stiff at first; but he soon became so accustomed to it, that he could sleep on his camel; it being one of the most gentle of creatures.

The camels having been loaded, and Ernest's docile *méheri* (with its handsome *Ghadamsi basúr*, or saddle, and a Stambúli carpet,) having knelt for him to mount, the caravan set forth; the sheikh leading the way, which was towards the going down of the sun, across the trackless desert, to the Torso range of mountains. Thence it lay through the beautiful valley of Zuar, to the salt marsh of Bilmah, whence they would strike for Asben situated in the Bâghzen group of mountains in the Sahara.

As to whereabouts in the group they were to look

for young Claude Howard, they did not know; only that Ernest had assured Thornton that so vividly was the scene impressed upon him in his duplicated dream, that he could have no difficulty in recognizing it.

A white butterfly hovered for a moment over Ernest's camel's head and flew before them towards the setting sun.

Ernest accepted it as a peaceful omen of good, and the company followed in its wake.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

“So your dream was repeated?” said Thornton, as they journeyed along.

“There are some who sneer at such things; but I am not one of those. If our minds can, without our bodies, travel to the most distant countries, and picture them as if seen with the bodily eyes, why should it be deemed a thing incredible that our thoughts, which are the voices of the mind, should be able to communicate themselves to others there?

“We see that the mind has receptive faculties apart from the body, for it receives impressions of objects of which the body is not cognizant—the natural senses being unable to discern them. If, then, the mind is receptive of impressions from material objects, which are adverse to its nature, *a fortiori* it must be receptive of immaterial objects which are in unison with its nature. *Ergo*, mind can communicate with mind without the intervention of the body.”

“I quite agree with you,” said Ernest; “I believe that our minds can, by a strong exercise of volition, impress themselves upon the minds of others, and thus, to a great extent, impel their actions in accordance with our desires; and the larger the brain, the more dominant will its action be.”

Thus conversing, the time passed swiftly; and, as the sun sank behind the distant mountains towards which they journeyed across the Libyan desert, the caravan halted, and the Arabs prostrated themselves in prayer, their heads bowed to the dust; and Thornton and Ernest did likewise, for there was in each of them a deep feeling of reverence towards the Most High.

Rising from their devotions, Thornton said, "Islamism, or the religion of Mahomet, is an austere one. The word 'Islamism' signifies 'abandoning one's self to God'; and it is on this great basis that their worship is founded. They believe in one God, and in the unity of God; and they regard Trinitarian worship as idolatry."

"There is much that is beautiful in the devotion of these children of the desert", said Ernest; "beautiful because simple; for, simplicity should ever characterize the worship of the Creator, who seeth not as man seeth, but who looketh on the heart.

"For that reason it is that the ornate ceremonies of the Romish Church appear to me so objectionable. God is a Spirit, and therefore His worship must be spiritual; all the rest is worse than useless, it tends to divert the mind from the contemplation of the purely spiritual nature of the Deity, and is adverse to the maintenance of that spirituality of worship which alone exalts the soul into communion with Him."

"How simple also," said Thornton, "and therefore

how grand, is their conception of GOD!—"Hear, O Israel. The Lord our GOD is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy GOD with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

"With them, as with Christians, this is the first commandment. But they take it from the writings of Moses, whence Christ also took it; and we take it from the writings of the Apostles into which it was copied as a saying of Christ's. But the truth is the same—the *unity of God, who is the sole object of worship; and that worship, devoted love.*

"The doctrine of the Trinity," said Ernest, "was never heard of until the third century after Christ, and receives but little support from the Scriptures."

"You say," remarked Thornton, "that it receives but little support from the Scriptures. Then you admit that it receives some?"

"Yes," said Ernest; "all error is but perverted truth. There is no such thing as concrete evil; and almost any doctrine may find some support in isolated passages of Scripture; especially if they be looked at from a narrow point of view.

"For instance:—"I and my Father are one," said Christ. This passage, considered by itself, favours the idea of a duality in the Godhead—Father and Son.

"But when looked at in connection with those other words of Christ, related by the same Apostle,—'Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou

hast given me, *that they may be one, as we are,*' it is seen that it favours no such doctrine. The words do not refer to oneness of essence, or of being, but to unanimity of purpose, to oneness of object; and the doctrine of the duality of the Godhead and the deity of Christ, based on that text, falls to the ground.

"If we would form sound judgments on Scriptural subjects, we must not regard any text abstractedly; but search for the truth by 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual,'—part of a truth, considered by itself, is often a lie.

"We must bring Scripture to bear upon Scripture; for, it is the connection of texts that causes the electric light of truth to reveal itself. Without that connection, all is darkness.

"Take another example, one on which is based the doctrine of transubstantiation:—Christ said of the wine at the last supper, '*This is my blood.*'

"This passage, standing alone, may seem to give support to the doctrine. But when read in the light of a similar expression used by Christ's ancestor, David, what becomes of it?

"David, being thirsty, had said, 'Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!' And three of his mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well, and took it to David. But he would not drink thereof. He poured it out as a libation to the Lord, saying, '*Is*

*not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ?*

“Now, can anybody in his senses, believe that it was their blood ? Certainly not :—it *represented* it.

“And so was it with the wine :—it *represented* Christ’s blood.”



## CHAPTER XXX.

The twilight, which in southern climes is but of short duration, soon gave place to night, when the heavens became a scene of unutterable splendour; the nebulae being resolved into stars, and the stars in the glorious galaxy being multiplied innumera- bly; while the brightness of all was accentuated and intensified beyond what language can describe.

The hours for travelling and for rest had been allotted thus:—Travel from 3 p.m. till sunset; rest from sunset till 2 a.m.; travel from 2 a.m. till sunrise; rest for one hour; then travel till 11 a.m.; and rest from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m.

This arrangement divided the twenty-four hours into about twelve for travelling, and twelve for rest, and enabled the caravan to cover about fifty miles in the twenty-four hours, without distressing the camels; and as the distance from the third cataract to Bâghzen is one thousand five hundred miles, it was evident that they had a month's journey before them.

The tents were pitched at sunset; the camels were unladen and fed; and soon all but Ernest were wrapped in slumber.



Then, standing alone under the starry canopy of  
heaven, he sent up his soul's adoration in these words: —

O Most High,  
Eternal, and All-gracious One, I bow  
My soul before Thee, and with reverence  
Acknowledge that throughout all space Thou art  
Creator, yea creation's mighty GOD!  
Existence emanated from Thyself.  
All life is but an effluence of Thine own;  
All beauty is a reflex of Thy mind  
Mirrored in forms of gladness; every star  
Pulsing with light as with a life divine,  
And every flower, whose young breath thrills the air  
With fragrance, owes its being unto Thee.  
Thou Ever-Glorious ONE! I see Thy power  
In these Thy latest works; and though I grasp  
Only the outward forms of things, and know  
But little of those forms, and of Thyself  
As little as I know of that fair moon  
Whose brightness falls in splendour round me now,  
Yet do I love Thee; and, the more I know,  
The deeper is the rapture of my love;  
And to Thy care, O Father, I confide,  
With childhood's calm implicit trustfulness,  
Myself and all that Thou to me hast given.

Then Ernest, having fondly kissed a ring of remembrance which Helena, at parting, had placed on — he

little finger of his left hand, lay down to rest in his tent, and slept the quiet sleep of the just; while his little dog, Vix, which had become devotedly attached to him, lay at his feet.

He dreamed; and, in his dream, he was again wandering along the green lanes of Cromer with one whose soul-lit eyes were uplifted to his in tender lovingness.

The sunlight of happiness beamed from their fathomless depths as her gaze rested on his features; and her face gently flushed into sweeter beauty while she drank in with passionate thirst the longed-for expressions of devotion which spontaneously welled up from the overflowing fountain of his heart.

On her cheeks was the rich bloom of refined health, shaded to a dark velvety softness round the eyes, whose full, black, gracefully-curved, long lashes, seemed to guard with jealous and overshadowing fondness, the brilliant orbs to which they formed so magnificent a setting.

The teeth were of pearly whiteness; and, in the centre of the chin was, that rarely-seen mark of classic beauty, a lovely dimple.

It was his own dear Helena; and, in his dream, he was parting from her at the railway station, the guard having just whistled for the train to start; when Ernest awoke, and found that it was the train of camels which was starting, and the whistle was that of his friend, Thornton, to rouse him from his slumbers.

He was up in a minute ; the stars were still shining, but the azure of the sky had deepened into purple in the west ; while, in the east, there was just the faintest flush of golden light suffusing the azure, and giving it a tint of almost imperceptible green.

Refreshed by the night's rest, they resumed their journey ; and, when the sun rose, it cast their long-distorted shadows before them.

In the distance, they saw what appeared to be the sea with white foam, like surf, running along the shore in the direction of the wind. Of course they knew it to be a mirage ; for there was no sea within thousands of miles.

The night had been chilly ; and Ernest and Thornton resolved to walk during the first two or three hours ; a course which was conducive to health, and one which, throughout their journey, they continued daily, greatly to their enjoyment, and likewise to the delight of Vix.

Towards noon, the wind, which as usual had risen with the dawn, had strengthened into a regular sirocco, carrying with it clouds of blinding dust.

The caravan halted ; the camels lay down ; the Arabs and the two Englishmen did likewise, each keeping his back to the storm, and covering his face with his burnoose, Vix being securely wrapped in the ample folds of Ernest's ; for he and Thornton were dressed like Arabs.

When the storm had passed, they found that the

sand had been raised into billows, like snowdrifts, but was turned to gold by the sunlight; and that some of the billows were from ten to fifteen feet high.

These, unfortunately for our travellers, trended from north to south, and therefore lay directly across the route they were taking; the sirocco having, as the word implies, come from the east.

Their journey was therefore somewhat impeded for a while; so they rested, as it was near noon.

The rainy season being past, the fresh herbage, springing up as it does after it, afforded the camels a nourishing supply of food; therefore, when the caravan halted, they roamed about feeding on the fresh green growths of the stunted shrubs and herbage in the hollows of the sand drifts.

Nourished by this fodder, other circumstances being favourable, the camels yield an abundant supply of very rich milk which forms a valuable addition to the traveller's food.

Gathering together their camels, which knelt to receive their loads, they resumed their journey in the afternoon, though the hillocks made their course somewhat devious. But the grains of sand being like the particles of water, non-cohesive, the billows in the desert subside after a while; the storm, however, had filled the atmosphere with fine particles of dust, causing the sun that day to glow as if seen through a fog.

Halting at sunset, they amused themselves, after

their evening devotions, by engaging in various athletic feats; and the Arabs, strong men as they are, were astounded by Thornton's agility and almost super-human strength.

Placing his left hand on his hip, he, with the other, took one of the Arabs by the loin cloth and lifted him high above his head, and held him there for some minutes.

Then, asking the Arab whether he had confidence in him, and being assured that he had, he desired him to lie down on the top of one of the sand billows.

He then gently, and to the man's great astonishment, took him by one ankle and swung him round his head, as he would have swung a sling; and then, suddenly loosing his hold of the ankle and catching him by the waist, gently set him on his feet without losing his breath by the exertion.

The Arabs were enthusiastic in their expressions of admiration; and the sheikh, who knew Thornton well, asked him to show his people how to mount a camel.

One, a docile creature, was standing close to the near side of a sand drift that was almost level with its saddle, and at a little distance from the group of Arabs.

Thornton, running towards it at a swinging trot, vaulted, not on to it but, clean over it and the sand drift, and was instantly out of sight, scuttling along under cover of the sand drift; and the Arabs, on

xxx.]

running up to see what had become of him, could nowhere find him.

They looked around, and looked at each other in perfect bewilderment; it was as if the sand had swallowed him. And when, by a circuitous route, he came upon them from behind, they fairly screamed with delight.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

After one of Thornton's herculean feats, Ernest remarked to him on his splendid physique. "Yes," said he, "I am of very fair proportions, and strong; as was my father before me, in whose steps I am treading. And now that you and I are alone in the Sahara, and therefore out of ear-shot of the censorious world, I will tell you the secret of it all—a secret which it were well for the world to know; but, who dare proclaim it? Who has the large-hearted philanthropy needed to sustain the speaker of the naked truth? I never knew but one, and she was a woman; and the awful persecution which she had to endure, and for the truth's sake dauntlessly did endure, especially from her own sex and from the effeminate part of ours including some of the clergy, was enough to cower the bravest spirit. I speak of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull.

"My father's life and my own are in accordance with her teaching; and, I believe you will admit, in accordance with nature and, therefore, with common sense. When my father was a very young man he resolved never to be a slave to lust—never to debase his natural powers by using them for sensual gratification merely; but to use them during all his married life solely for

the purpose for which they were given. What has been the result? Myself and all my brothers and sisters are in perfect health; and my father and mother are enjoying a green old age nourished and recuperated by the retention of those vital forces which, if spent in abortive pleasure, would hasten their decay."

Ernest was absorbed in thought; and, after a moment's silence, said, "Thornton, that is a great truth, which the world, sunk in the slough of sensuality, has lost sight of."

"Yes," said Thornton, "and not only the world, but the church also. For, in the marriage service it says that the union of the sexes was ordained 'to avoid fornication; that such persons as have not the gift of continency might marry, and keep themselves undefiled members of Christ's body':—in other words, that in marriage a man might gratify the lusts which he is unable to restrain; woman,—God's sacred gift to man—being debased to pander to his passions; and the man is to be held sinless because, forsooth, the woman is his wife! Let the church blush, if she can, for her beastliness, and for daring to cover it with the fig leaves of her religion. No! wherever there is intentionally abortive sensuality, whether between man and wife or not, there is sin and defilement. We are to govern and control our passions, and not to be their slaves. And as for saying that marriage was ordained for the lascivious gratification of those whose sexual



passions are beyond their control; it is a base slander upon that holy state! It was ordained for no such purpose; and those who have, by debased self-indulgence, lost the control of their passions are no more fit to marry than are those who have lost the control of their reason. Both ought to be put under restraint."

"Another objectionable passage in the marriage ceremony," said Ernest, "is that in which the woman is required to say that 'forsaking all other,' she will keep only to her husband. Now, in what sense is she to forsake all other? Clearly, in the sense in which she keeps only to her husband."

"Well," said Thornton, "I don't see anything objectionable in that."

"Don't you?" said Ernest. "How can a woman '*forsake*' that which she never possessed? And by saying that she will *forsake* all others in the sense in which she will keep to her husband, she implies that she has had *others* in that sense. It is abominable that the Church should require a woman to accept such an imputation against herself by saying to it, 'I will.'"

"How can persons be so blind (even though they be in love) as to get married in a church that uses such language? Truly the Prayer Book does indeed need revision, with a vengeance."

"I don't think that even your vengeance will effect it," said Thornton.

"Perhaps not," replied Ernest; "but I will do my best to bring it about; for, the Church, being the national church, belongs to us all. It is not the property of the clergy; they are only the paid officials to attend to its ministrations.

"And how do they attend to them? They begin by throwing water in our faces, and then thank GOD that it has pleased Him thereby to regenerate us! Following up this teaching, they declare, in the catechism, that by baptism we were made 'members of Christ, the children of GOD, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.' Unfortunately, many of these 'inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven' stand a very poor chance of ever getting there; for they turn out to be drunkards, murderers, and such like; of whom the Bible says that 'they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.' So, either the Bible is wrong, or the Prayer Book must be wrong on that point. Then when the Church finds that she has made a mistake respecting one of these 'children of GOD,' she vents her wrath upon him in curses. See the Church's Commination: 'Cursed are the drunkards,' &c.; and requires the people to say 'Amen,' though the Bible says, 'Bless and curse not.' Besides, what is any man, be he priest, or presbyter, that he should dare to cast a stone at another? '*Qui sine peccato est vestrûm primus in illam lapidem mittat*,' was the teaching of Christ. Afterwards the Church marries them, in the above

fashion; and subsequently buries them; and, reprobates though they be and cursed, she thanks GOD that it has pleased HIM to 'take unto HIMSELF the soul of our dear brother departed.' Finally she winds up with the Athanasian creed, which is an attempt to explain the inexplicable, and she charitably says that if we don't believe it, we shall be damned!

"Don't you think that that is a pretty state of things? Infinitely would I rather have no Church at all; and, like our Saviour, worship GOD on the mountain side, or, like Isaac, go into the fields to meditate at eventide; or, like Charles Dickens, wander by the sea shore listening to what the wild waves are saying; and feel that 'Tis the voice of The GREAT CREATOR that speaks to the heart alone.'"

"And I suppose," remarked Thornton, "that I may say 'The half hath not been told me?'"

"Indeed you may; for, the Church of England, and for the matter of that, the Church of Rome also, not content with their insults to women and their curses on men (which, fortunately, are like the curses heaped on the head of the poor jackdaw of Rheims), add iniquity unto iniquity by blaspheming GOD! For, the blackest blasphemy that ever can be uttered is to say of the ALL-MERCIFUL ONE that, if we do not believe certain obscure doctrines, He will subject us to tortures that shall be eternal! And that, not with the object of converting us to the belief that three are really one,

and one is really three; for, no matter what phases our belief may hereafter pass through, we shall be tortured to all eternity!

“Think what eternity means:—I take up a handful of this desert sand; and I say to myself, ‘Let each grain represent a million years.’ I sweep the horizon with a glance, extending, probably, in this rarified atmosphere, thirty miles each way, and I see nothing but sand. I picture the whole earth formed of these million-year grains; and then, in imagination, I fill up all the vast oceans with similar particles; so that the globe, which is nine thousand miles through, is solid with them. I add to this the atoms which form the sister planets and their satellites, yea, and the great sun itself, and all the mighty systems of worlds throughout space, some of which are so distant that to us they have no parallax. Lastly, I fill in with grains of sand all the fathomless voids between those widely-scattered worlds; so that all worlds and all space, as far as the mightiest imagination can reach, is one mass of individual grains of sand, each representing a million years; and then I picture all these grains counted at the rate of a grain every million years; so that each grain represents a million times a million years, and still I am only at the threshold of Eternity; the Dark Beyond being all unfathomable!

“And, says the Church of England, and of Rome, during all these æons the soul has, by the decree of

GOD, to suffer the fiery tortures of hell because it could not believe that which the Church's explanation makes more inexplicable!

"Let the Church tell us, as Col. R. G. Ingersoll has said:—'When we think of three as one, what are we to do with the other two?' Remember, we must not 'confound the persons'; they must be kept separate. And when we think of one as three, how are we to get the other two, to enable us to do so? We must not 'divide the substance.'"

"'By the decree of GOD,' indeed; say, rather, 'by the decree of the devil.' Nay, it would be an injustice to attribute such malignity to even the archfiend.

"GOD is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' 'His tender mercies are over all His works.' 'He would have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' And this is the truth, to which He swears by His own existence:—'As I live, saith the Lord GOD, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.'

"This is GOD's testimony of Himself; and let GOD be esteemed true, though His truth prove every man to be a liar.

"In vain do we search for GOD in the creeds of men. The Deity therein described is a mummified Being wrapped in the cerecloth of an effete superstition.

"No! 'His anger endureth but a moment': 'His mercy endureth for ever.'"

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

Would'st thou count all the mercies of God?

Vain the task!—Count the waves of the sea;  
Count the grass-blades on every sod,  
And the leaves upon every tree.

Count the atoms that float in the sun;  
Count the bright drops of rain as they fall;  
Still, thy task is as yet but begun,  
For God's mercies outnumber them all.

Count the crystals of frost in the snow,  
The vibrations of sound in the air,  
And the wavelets of light as they flow;—  
God in mercy appointed them there.

Add the cycles of time unto those  
Of eternity, past and to come;  
Count till Heav'n on thine eyes shall uncloze,  
And thy lips with mute rapture are dumb.

Then unfold thou thy bright wings and fly  
Wheresoever thy spirit can soar;  
Far through space to where starry worlds lie  
Strewn like gems on Infinity's shore.

On, still on, till the deepening blue  
Fades away into blackness of night,  
Where no nebulous star's ray e'er threw  
E'en the faintest pulsation of light.

164      *WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS*  
*I THEE ENDOW.*

Still, God's universe stretches afar ;  
And around thee, beneath, and above,  
Though thine eye sees nor sun, moon, or star,  
There is fathomless, infinite love.

We may count the green blades on each sod ;  
Count the sound-waves in ocean's hoarse roar ;  
But, concerning the mercies of God,  
We can only in silence adore.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

The atmosphere, owing to the invisible vapour in it caused by the intense heat of the sun exhaling the moisture left by the autumnal rains, was in that peculiar condition which is favourable to the production of "the mirage of the desert"; and the travellers, deceived by it, thought that they saw before them an oasis with pools of water and palm trees, the imagination, not improbably, having something to do with the false impression produced upon their senses: an impression that was cruelly dissipated on reaching the supposed oasis. It vanished "like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream."

"How often it is like this in life," thought Ernest; "we turn our backs to the sun; and, looking across the trackless desert before us, we picture to ourselves a green oasis, where our souls' thirst for happiness shall be quenched by refreshing waters, and where we shall rest in the cool shade of some palm-like tree of life; and then, when we reach the goal of our desires, we find the waters to be those of Marah, and the promised rest, to be in 'the valley of the shadow of death!'"

"Thank God, it will not be always thus; there is an assurance in the Word of GOD that the time will come when 'the parched ground *shall* become a pool, and the



thirsty land springs of water':—the desert of existence shall not appear to be gemmed with distant emerald oases which deceive us; they shall prove to be, indeed, green pastures and still waters, where we may drink and be satisfied."

The caravan reached the Torso range of lofty mountains, which form the western limit of the Libyan desert, and separate it from the Sahara.

Here, in the lovely fertile valley of Zuar, it rested while the camels were refreshed by feeding on the exuberant vegetation; and the water skins were refilled.

To the chiefs of Zuar, handsome presents were given; and, before dawn, the caravan again started, their next halting place in their westward, or, rather, south-westward, journey, now being the salt lake of Bilmah, a place much frequented for the salt that is found there, whence it is carried northward to Tripoli, which is also one of the ports for the shipment of poor slaves from Kuka, a dépôt where they are collected from all parts for transit across the desert to the Mediterranean coast. The route of these poor creatures is marked by the skeletons of those who have perished by the way.

The suffering which the unfortunate captives undergo during their journeyings to the sea coast is inexpressibly painful. By means of manacles, chains, ropes, and heavy bars of wood or iron, the poor prisoners are secured and then driven forward on their long journey of hundreds of miles, and the few that

survive this fearful ordeal are then sold into life-long slavery, chiefly for harem service in the Mahomedan world.

Mr. H. H. Johnson, who has portrayed in vivid colours the horrors of a slave raid, recently said:—  
“During the first few days of the march, the loss of life among the slaves is almost fifty per cent. The weakly, who fall down by the way side and are too insensible to blows or exhortations to rise, are either shot or stabbed then and there.

“The progress of the caravan is, moreover, attended with a skulking following of hyenas, jackals, and vultures.” But this end is, comparatively, merciful compared with the suffering which the wretched survivors have subsequently to undergo.

As is well known, most of the slaves are intended to be used in the seraglios of Mahomedans, and to comply with this demand, the boys and young men are compelled to submit to the barbarity of a shocking mutilation, as painful as it is cruel and terrible. Mr. Johnson says that the mutilation is carried out in so “brutal and unskilful a manner that not a few die from the effects of the operation.”

Ernest's heart was very sad at the thought of so much human misery; and, being powerless to prevent it, he was thankful that his feelings were not harrowed by witnessing such a scene as is presented by a slave caravan.

But the thought of it aroused in him serious reflections; and other slave caravans passed before his mental vision, and he said to his friend,—“ We Englishmen mourn the horrors of the slave trade, but have we no slave-drivers in England?

“ What are some husbands, wealthy though they be, but the brutal slave-drivers of their poor wives? What are some masters, but the brutal slave-drivers of their poor servants? What are some officials, but the brutal slave-drivers of their poor subordinates? What is any man, be he rich or poor, be he husband, or master, or official, be he of the clergy, or of the laity, of the army, or of the navy, who crushes, by his domineering spirit, the spirits of those who serve him, and who lashes them with the scourge of his tongue, but a brutal demon slave-driver, of the worst Legree type?

“ I do not refer to those whose cruelties manifest themselves in acts of open violence; the law takes cognizance of them.

“ Nor do I refer to those whose hasty words are ‘ like the piercings of a sword ’.

“ I refer to those who are very vipers in their subtle cruelty, and ‘ under whose lips is the poison of asps ’.

“ They know that their petty tyranny is beyond the reach of the law, though that tyranny curses the very existence of those who have to endure it; and they mean it to do so.

“ Oh! the agonies patiently endured by women, and

the tears wept in secret by them, but wrung from their very souls by man's brutality !

“ I cannot conceive any fate more dreadful than that of being the wife of such a tyrant :—to be subject to his indignities day by day, day by day, day by day, and at night to have to submit to the embraces of such a toad !

“ O GOD, if there be a hell hereafter, it is surely for such as he who has made the life of a gentle trusting woman a hell here.

“ Well may the poor slave long for the quiet of that sleep ‘ where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together ; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there ; and the servant is free from his master.’ ”



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Our travellers reached the oasis of Kauar, which lies due west of Tibesti, the loftiest mountain in central Africa.

The lovely green rested their eyes, tired with the glare of the desert, the monotony of which was now relieved by the yellow-tasselled mimosa, the feathery tamarisk, the dôm and date palms, the fronds of which are a tender, bloomy, sea-green grey, in beautiful harmony with the glow of the golden hue of the desert sand.

An amusing incident occurred here. It being known that an Englishman was present, the prevailing belief that all Englishmen are doctors, brought to Thornton various patients; and, among them, there was one who stated that he was possessed by the devil—a very common belief in the east.

This man besought Thornton to rid him of the demon; and he, remembering a similar request made to Dr. Leared, as recorded in his "*Visit to the Court of Morocco*," adopted his remedy, and with the greatest success.

I cannot do better than quote the doctor's words, as the result was the same in each case.

Dr. Leared says, "One of my great resources was a box of seidlitz powders; and it afforded also much amusement. Who could help laughing at the sight of a great dark Othello, invariably drawing back through fear of being scalded, when the effervescing draught was presented to him? It was never swallowed, indeed, until the recipient had first ascertained, by a hasty dip of his finger, that the liquid was not boiling over by some cold process known to the Satan-leagued Christians.

"In many instances, however, the seidlitz powders were administered by an altogether new method. The Moors believe in what is professionally termed heroic treatment; that is to say, in that which acts strongly with no possibility of mistake about effect.

"Now, every one knows that seidlitz powders are composed of an acid and an alkali powder; and that, to make them effervesce properly, it is necessary to dissolve each in separate portions of water, and then to mix them. It occurred to me, that if the patient were to swallow these solutions separately and in quick succession, an imposing effect might be produced. Indeed, the result exceeded all expectation.

"The sudden and harmless distension caused by the internal gaseous evolution was usually succeeded by an indescribable look of alarm, followed by pressure of the hands upon the stomach, while a pious *Ma-shal-lah* ('God is great') ejaculated slowly, but with much

fervour, was almost overwhelmed by the furious rush of imprisoned gas.

"It was currently believed that the devil had to do with this matter also; and it was more than probable that the internal commotion and manifest escape of something invisible were set down to the palpable expulsion of an evil spirit."

"Demoniacal possession is, in its actuality, an exploded idea," remarked Thornton.

"Yes," said Ernest, "that is true. But there is many a man with so demoniacal a temper that, if it were possible for him to be possessed of the very devil himself, he could not be a more objectionable character. Others are said to be possessed of an 'unclean devil'; by which expression is meant that they are so sensual that they are said to have 'eyes full of adultery'; or, as the original Greek signifies, 'an adultress ever before their eyes.'

"But why should excessive anger, or excessive lust, be fathered on the devil? His character as delineated in the Bible, does not warrant any such aspersion; and, in my opinion, it is a cowardly slander, by which men seek to remove the load of blame from their own shoulders to those of another; and they make the devil a convenient scape-goat for their sins. The old masters knew this, and keenly *satyr*-ised it when they represented him as having horns and a tail like a goat.

"The truth is, as the Bible declares, 'Every man is

tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust.' It is not the devil that is to blame, it is man himself; he is his own devil. Hence the necessity for our being renewed in the spirit of our minds; and, to this end, asking divine help.

"But we must be 'fellow workers together with GOD'; and, seeing that we ask to be made pure in heart, we must give no encouragement to lustful thoughts. We cannot prevent sinful ideas from entering our minds, but we need not welcome them:—we cannot prevent birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent them from building their nests in our hair."





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

In a Bedouin Arab's tent spread under the shade of a cluster of dôm palms at the northern end of the rich valley of Unan, from which rises the Bâghzen range of mountains in the centre of the Great Sahara, and with a spear stuck into the ground at the entrance of the tent to signify that it belonged to a sheikh, lay young Claude Howard, a captive.

It was night; and, in the dry clear atmosphere of that almost rainless region, the stars shone with a splendour unknown in this humid climate. Nor were the constellations the familiar ones of this northern zone. *Ursa major*, instead of being near the zenith, crouched down low on the horizon, and was of gigantic dimensions. There were also the *Centaur* and *Argo*; while the *Southern Cross* shone with dazzling brilliancy; and seemed, to the poor captive lying on a mat in the door of the tent, an emblem of a future life to be attained through suffering.

He thought of all that he had had to go through, and speculated on what sufferings remained for him to endure; he remembered the dear ones whom he had

left in England, and to whom he had so often written ; and knew not that his letters had never been forwarded, though the unaccountable silence of those who loved him made him fear it.

His captors knew that a reward had been offered for his release if he were a prisoner, or for news of his death if slain in battle ; but they deemed it prudent to defer his release, hoping for an increase of the reward offered ; and they kept his letters, lest the knowledge of his place of captivity should lead to a rescue.

He had been very ill ; but, in the lovely climate of the beautiful valley of Afasas at the southern foot of Mount Bâghzen in the district of Air, he was rapidly regaining strength ; for it has a climate which, from as long back as the time of Leo Africanus, has been celebrated on account "*della bontà e temperanza dell' aere.*"

That night Claude's soul was particularly sorrowful ; hope, so long deferred, had made his heart sick. But, during all his sufferings, he never lost faith in the overruling providence of GOD ; and he said, "I remember the years of the right hand of The Most High ; and, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

His nightly prayer was one which, years ago,—oh, how long ago it seemed !—Ernest had written to show what could be done in poetic composition with no other words than those derived from the Saxon.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

O, Thou most blesséd ONE, hear Thou my sighing,  
Soothe Thou the sad heart that leans on Thy breast ;  
Dark fall the shadows, the daylight is dying ;  
Breathe Thou Thy peace, let the weary find rest.

Hear me, oh, hear me !

And be Thou near me,

Dearest and Best,

Thrilling my soul with the hopes of the blest.

Soft be my sleep, and blissful my dreaming ;  
With the bright morn let no clouds of care stay ;  
Night's darkness smiles when the sunrise is beaming ;  
So may life's gloom at the breaking of day.

Oh, on the morrow

Let care and sorrow

Vanish for aye,

Kissed, by Thy breath of forgiveness, away !

Having fervently breathed this prayer to God, and commended all whom he loved, to the careful keeping of Him who never slumbers, much less, sleeps ; he lay down on his mat, and wrapping himself well round, for the nights there were very cold, he fell asleep.

How long he had slept, he did not know ; but he was suddenly awakened by the report of firearms, and the gesticulation of angry Arab voices ; their sibilant language hissing like a scimitar drawn swiftly from its scabbard.

Rousing himself, he went out ; and, to his astonish-

ment, he saw the tents surrounded by a troop of about fifty hostile Arabs, the noiseless approach of whose soft-footed camels had been unperceived till it was too late to make any but the feeblest resistance, which the besieged soon found to be useless.

They were overpowered; their matchlocks, scimitars, and spears taken from them; and, almost before he was aware of it, Claude was clasped in the arms of one disguised as an Arab, but whom he recognized to be his *fiancée's* brother, Ernest Aldam; while, still further to add to his astonishment, his own faithful little dog, Vix, which he had left with his friend, Harold Hope, was jumping up at him in a state of frantic delight.

This astonished Ernest also; for Harold Hope had not told him that it was Claude's dog.

"Look!" said Thornton to the sheikh whom with his own hands he had captured, "You have detained in captivity a young Englishman, though an ample reward was offered for his release; and now you are my captive. So come along with us to England to answer for your misdeeds. We start directly; and if any of your tribe dare to follow us, the instant that we see one of them on the distant horizon, that instant you die. But, if they remain here, their arms shall be sent back to them, and haply yourself, too, by the first caravan we meet after eight and forty hours' start. We want nothing of yours, but only our young friend and your best camel for him to mount."

"It is the will of GOD!" said the sheikh; and bowed himself to the dust. Then giving instructions to his tribe to act in accordance with Thornton's command which they had all heard, he, without arms of any kind, was ordered to mount one of his camels, and being placed in the centre, the camels' heads were turned due north, and the whole caravan started off at a gallop, and were almost instantly lost sight of in the clouds of dust which rose behind them, for they flew along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and were far away before the surprised Arabs could realize their position, involving, as it did, the loss of their captive, their leader, and their arms.

When Claude had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment at the suddenness of the affair, (for it had occupied only about ten minutes, and he could scarcely persuade himself that he was not still dreaming) he was full of questions as to Winifred, and was greatly shocked to hear of her having immured herself in a convent.

"We must get her out of that at any cost," he said; "and I am sure that you, Ernest, and you, too, Mr. Thornton, who have so nobly rescued me, will lend me your assistance in rescuing her."

"With the greatest delight," said Thornton; "I shall enjoy it immensely."

"But tell me," said Claude, "how did you find out where I was?"

"You may well ask that," said Thornton; "for it is

a very mysterious affair. However, Aldam will enlighten you on that subject; it is beyond me."

"Well," said Ernest, to whom Claude had turned for an explanation, "I dreamed you were there."

"But how could you dream of a place of which I doubt whether you had ever heard?"

"That's the mystery. I never had heard of it; and did not know what you meant when, in my dream, I saw you, and you said 'Bâghzen'. Whether it meant the name of a place, or of a person, or of some Arabic drink, for your lips seemed parched with fever, I could not imagine; and, when I awoke, I had forgotten the name. But, weeks after, I dreamed again; and again you said to me 'Bâghzen'. On awaking I wrote to Thornton, whose acquaintance I had fortunately made at Dieppe, and to whom I had related such portion of my first dream as I could remember; and he at once told me that it was the name of a group of mountains in the Sahara, and said that if I were going to seek you there he would gladly go with me, and for that purpose would meet me at the third cataract on the Nile, he being then on his way to Suâkim on the Red Sea, where a few years ago he was consul. He met me, as he said he would, good fellow that he is; and having crossed the Nubian desert, the Nile, the Libyan desert, and entered the very heart of the Sahara, he has found you; I having pointed out to him the particular valley in which you were; for I recognized the scene of my

dreams directly that we came in sight of the mountains."

"That is very extraordinary," said Claude. "You say that in your dreams I appeared to be in a fever. In a fever I certainly was, and delirious; and, on recovering from the delirium, I remembered that while delirious I thought that I saw you on the hurricane deck of a steamer, and I told you that I was at Baghzen. I had a relapse, and again was delirious, and in my delirium I saw you at Cromer, and again told you where I was. Now, answer me, were you on a steamer and afterwards at Cromer when you had those two dreams?"

"I was," said Ernest.

"Then it is, as I have long held; that when the mind is in an ecstatic state, be it the result of fever, or of any other exciting cause, it does really leave the body (*stands out* from it, as the word 'ecstatic' implies being derived from ἐξ, out of, *στασις*, standing), and is able to communicate with other minds, as mine did with yours, Ernest."

"And that was your method of communicating with me. But why did you not write, old fellow?"

"I did write! Did you not receive my letters?"

"Not one."

"That thief of a sheikh, then, kept them; but why, I can't imagine."

"I'll tell you, then," said Ernest. "As your body was

not found on the battlefield, we felt sure that you had been taken captive, and we offered a large reward for your release, or a smaller one for authenticated news of your death; and your captors detained you, and kept back all knowledge of you, thinking that the reward would be increased. And so they overshot the mark; and now will not receive a single para."

"Serve them right," said Claude. "Think of the anxiety they have caused dear Winifred, to say nothing of all your care for me.

"I like the look of the friendly sheikh you brought with you," added Claude, "You must introduce me to him and his men when it is wise to halt."

"He is an old friend of Thornton's," said Ernest; "he made his acquaintance during his consulate at Suakim; and having then rendered him a service, the sheikh in return gladly placed himself and his men at Thornton's service in the search for you.

"But tell us about yourself, Claude. How came you to be taken prisoner?"

"My horse was shot under me," said the young officer; "and he fell on my leg, crushing it fearfully; but, fortunately, without breaking the bone; and I, being held down by him, was seized by one of the dervishes and ultimately sold to the sheikh in whose possession you found me."

At sunrise the caravan halted by the well of Albes, between the Mountains Ajuri and Mari; and never



were more grateful thanks offered up to Heaven from weary travellers, than were those which ascended from the hearts of the three Englishmen there in the Sahara.

After an hour's rest the camels were again in full gallop for Tintellust, where resided one of the sheikhs of Asben, for whom they were carrying a handsome present, worth one hundred riyals.

Arriving at Asárara, the estate of the sheikh, Thornton presented his gift, while the caravan, with the Arab captive in the centre to prevent his communicating with any of the tribe inhabiting Tintellust, encamped in the western end of the valley of that name, and distant from Asárara about five English miles.

The present was received graciously, and a letter, ensuring the caravan's safe transport to Murzuk, was given to Thornton.

With this they again started at full gallop, and just before they reached the valley of Selúfiet on the western flank of the mountain group of Tímage, they told the captive sheikh that he must return; and, loading his camel with the arms taken from his tribe, cautioned him against ever again detaining in captivity any Englishman who might come into his power. Adding that he might thank Allah that his life had been spared this time, and that his treachery had not been brought to the notice of the Sultan of Agades.

He turned his camel's head southward, and not until he was out of sight on the distant horizon, did they

resume their journey to Tripoli, where, after many days' travelling and many nights enlivened by stories told by camp fires, they arrived, without any mishap. It was then the end of December.

Here, in one of those beautiful palm groves which are the charm of Tripoli, the three Englishmen parted with their good friend the sheikh, to whom, greatly to his delight, they gave, in addition to the stipulated payment for the journey, including the large reward offered for the recovery of Claude, a gold chronometer, having a compass let into the case at the back; while to each of the faithful fellows who had accompanied him they gave a handsome reward.

It was with sincere regret that Ernest fed his méhari camel for the last time. It was a gentle creature, and had quite won his affections.

However, the best of friends must part; and as Ernest rubbed its nose and spoke a few words of farewell to it while he gave it some dates, the animal looked at him through its long dark eyelashes with a mournful expression that almost brought tears into Ernest's eyes.

Had it been an Arab horse, instead of a camel, he certainly would have taken it with him to England.

Little Vix, too, whined a farewell to the poor beast, and it put down its head and kissed its little friend; and then knelt down inviting Ernest to mount once more. He stroked its head, and turned away with a choking sensation in his throat.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Riding at anchor in the Mediterranean, off Tripoli, lay the yacht of an English nobleman.

Its owner was then on shore; and he, being ennuied of the dull life there, was very glad to make the acquaintance of the three English travellers.

Learning from them that the cause of their stay at Tripoli was their being obliged to wait for a vessel to take them across to Europe, he at once offered them accommodation in his yacht; saying that it mattered little to him which way he sailed.

The offer was gladly accepted, and they were quickly on board; and the yacht being loosed from her moorings, and the sails set, she was soon scudding along before a soft south wind.

The owner did not give his name, nor did he ask for those of the travellers. That they were all Englishmen, and gentlemen, and in a foreign country, was sufficient for each.

The sailors spoke of the owner of the yacht, as "the earl"; but what earl he was, the travellers had too much courtesy to inquire.

He was a handsome man of about sixty-five; having when his features were at rest, a naturally proud and stern expression of countenance, with a shade of sadness,

as if induced by some hidden sorrow, but his manners were affable, and he had a prepossessing address.

Yachting in the Mediterranean is at all times a delight; and the graceful vessel flew through the blue waters, as if to her also it were a joy.

They touched at Malta, whence Ernest sent a telegram to his father, and another to Helena, announcing the success of the expedition, and their speedy return home.

Claude did not send to Winifred, knowing that in all Roman Catholic convents letters addressed to inmates are intercepted and read by the Lady Superior; and he judged that his only chance of rescuing Winifred was by stratagem, and, therefore, it behoved him not to make known at the convent his return to Europe, lest his plans for her escape should, through the vigilance engendered by that knowledge, be rendered abortive.

The yacht, which was named the "Sea-gull", was a very trim schooner of one-hundred-and-twenty tons, and of remarkable sea-going qualities, combining speed with extraordinary steadiness and buoyancy, and carried the flag of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, which is the Blue Ensign of the Fleet.

On Sunday, the earl said that it was customary with him to pipe all hands for prayers, and he should be glad if our travellers would join in the service.

They willingly assented; and the earl, with a tremulousness of voice which betokened much feeling,

read that beautiful psalm, the hundred-and-seventh, beginning, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

The whole psalm was singularly fitting to the condition of the individuals composing that little group; and its applicability was enhanced by the appropriate running comments of the old earl, who had evidently been schooled in affliction.

The morning sun was yet low on the horizon on their starboard tack; the blue waters were as peaceful as was the sapphire sky above and around them; for, the wind and the waves were asleep, or had only that gentle movement indicative of pleasant dreams, as revealed in the loving lapping of the water against the glistening sides of the yacht, bright with the beams of the rising sun.

"*Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,*" read the earl; "*for His mercy endureth for ever.*" [It covers the past, and it reaches forward to all the future.]

"*Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy :*" [and the earl looked earnestly and kindly at young Claude Howard.]

"*And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.*" [Then, God is in the midst of His people.]

"*They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ;*" [Yet were they not alone, for the Father was with them.] "*they found no city to dwell in.*"

"*Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them ;*"

[They had not the "bread of life," the Lord Jesus Christ; nor the "water of life," the Holy Spirit of God.]

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses." [According to His gracious promise,—“Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.”]

"And He led them forth by the right way," [The All Wise cannot err] "that they might go to a city of habitation." ["Where the inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick;' and the people that dwell therein, are forgiven their iniquity."]

"Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

"For He satisfieth the longing soul," [According to His loving promise, "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness."] "and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." [Who can fill the soul, but God?]

\* \* \* \* \*

"They that go down to the sea in ships," [Here the earl turned his glance to the crew] "that do business in great waters :

"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." [Marvellous are Thy works, Lord, God Almighty!]

"For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

"They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

*"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.*

*"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."* ["And when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"]

*"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."* [In conformity with His promise,—*"Delight thyself in the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thy heart."*]

*"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"*

\* \* \* \* \*

The rest of the Psalm the lonely old man read with suppressed emotion, for it touched a tender chord in his heart, and caused it to vibrate painfully. It was as follows:—

*"He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly, and He suffereth not their cattle to decrease.*

*"Again they are minished, and brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow.*

*"He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.*

*"Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock."*

The lonely old man could read no more; he leaned his elbows on the capstan behind which he stood, and buried his face in his hands.

Most of those present thought that he was engaged

in silent prayer. But Ernest had guessed the secret of his sorrow—he had no child!

To spare the old man's feelings, Ernest said, "Let us pray"; and then he poured out his soul in fervent adoration, thanksgiving, and supplication, finishing with the Lord's Prayer.

He then sang, in a clear rich voice, the following hymn; all joining in the spirit of the words; for, the sentiments found a ready echo in all hearts.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

**Trust** on, brother, trust on; faithful is God's word;  
**No** ne e'er trusted in Him, and in trusting erred.  
**Ha**th he promised succour? Never doubt His aid,  
**Thou**gh His word's fulfilment seems to be delayed.

**His** time is the best time; leave thou all to Him;  
**Thou** art only mortal, and thy sight is dim.  
**He** can see afar off into coming years;  
**Thy** poor sight is blinded by thy falling tears.

**Oh**, couldst thou but fathom His all-loving heart,  
**Thou** wouldst bid thy doubtings instantly depart;  
**And**, at faith's bright rising, fears would flee away,  
**Like** the mists of morning at the break of day.

**Trust** Him in the darkness, He will be thy guide;  
**Trust** Him though the billows mount to heaven in pride;  
**Trust** Him in the tempest, He will rule its power;  
**Trust** Him, ever trust Him, till thy latest hour.



Though He slay thee, trust Him, and thy death shall be  
But a swifter passage o'er life's troubled sea,  
To that peaceful haven where, O, blissful sight!  
Death's dark waves are breaking on the shores of light.

The old man then concluded the service with the following words, so suitable for those whose lives depend on the winds of the heavens above them, and the waves rolling beneath:—

“And now may the GOD of our fathers, even the Almighty, help us, and bless us with the blessings of heaven above, and with the blessings of the deep that lieth under. Amen!”



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The crew dispersed; and the old earl pressed Ernest's hand with fatherly affection; an action that spoke feelingly the thanks which his heart was too full to utter.

In the course of the day, when alone with the old gentleman, Ernest, influenced by that kindness which was the natural outpouring of his benevolent disposition, found an opportunity of turning the conversation from the sorrow which young Claude Howard's captivity had caused his family and his friends, to the sorrows which are incident to the life of every man; and spoke of the varying nature of those sorrows; how that, in the good providence of GOD, the burden is suited to the back, and the back to the burden; strength being given to us according to each day's necessities, so that good may result out of that which we call evil.

"In theory I admit that," said the earl; "but it is too often the case that the heart rebels against the judgment of the intellect; and, in so doing, rebels against GOD."

Ernest was silent; and the old gentleman continued his remarks.

"In my own case," he said, "I know that it is *so*. I have suffered; and though my sufferings are *not* greater than I have deserved, I often feel that 'my punishment is greater than I can bear,' and 'my heart fretteth against the Lord.'"

"Ah, well!" said Ernest, "the voyage of life is *not* over yet; and we must not judge of the whole *by* a part. It is when we come to 'the end' that we *sh*all see 'that the Lord is very pitiful, and of *tender* mercy.'"

"Oh, that I could see GOD, as you see Him, *my* friend," said the old man; "but I fear that I *ne*ver shall!"

"Remember the words of Elihu," replied Ernest; — 'Although thou sayest that thou shalt not see *H*im, judgment is before Him, therefore trust thou in *Him*'; then, as Zachariah tells us, 'at evening time it shall *be* light.'"

"Thank you, thank you," said he; "it is *comforting* and strengthening to be reminded of the words of Eliphaz, that if we 'lift up our face unto GOD, *the* light shall shine upon our ways'; so shall 'the joy of the Lord be our strength' in our conflicts with '*the* powers of darkness.'"

"Yes," said Ernest, "the knowledge of the *character* of Him 'who is light, and in whom there is no *darkness* at all,' is itself encouraging, for, GOD is love, and *God* is might."

GOD IS LOVE, AND GOD IS MIGHT.

Courage! brother; God is with thee  
In thy battle for the right.  
He's thy shield,—no foe can harm thee;  
God is Love, and God is Might.

Put thou all thy armour on thee,  
See thou that 'tis sound and bright.  
God helps those who help each other;  
God is Love, and God is Might.

Face the foe, and falter never!  
Valour has put hosts to flight;  
But should fears o'erpower, remember  
God is Love, and God is Might.

What though raging foes surround thee  
In the thickest of the fight!  
God is thine, if thou but trust Him;  
God is Love, and God is Might.

Through the past's dim distant ages,  
Shrouded though they be in night,  
Star-like shines this glorious record—  
God is Love, and God is Might.

And afar, in highest Heaven,  
Round about the Throne of Light,  
'Tis in words of splendour written—  
"God is Love, and God is Might."

Again I thank you," said the earl; "it is pleasant

to speak of these things to a friend ; but I am almost friendless.

“The fault, however, is my own. There is a Nemesis in the judgments of GOD, according as it is written, ‘Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.’ I have ‘sown the wind, and am reaping the whirlwind’:—I have nourished my pride and my passions ; and they, like a whirlwind, have swept my hearth desolate !

“But is there not a passage which says, ‘The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind’ ?”

“Yes,” replied Ernest ; ‘The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.’

“All are parts of the wise government of GOD: even ‘the stormy wind fulfilleth His word,’ and on the bosom of the clouds is seen the rainbow of His love.

“I often think of that passage in Job, ‘Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge ?’—The *balancing* of the *clouds*—the *adjustment* of the *sorrows* of life, by Him who is perfect in knowledge. Thank GOD for ‘His’ *tender* mercies.’ Even ‘His *clouds* drop fatness.’”

The vessel sped on its way ; and day succeeded day ; till, at our travellers’ request, they were landed at Brindisi, where, with sincere regret, and with many thanks, they parted with the old earl who, on giving them each his hand and his card, said that he should be at home in the autumn, and should be glad to see

them at the castle; and, so saying, waved them an à DIEU.

To Ernest's astonishment, he found on looking at the card, as the yacht was leaving the harbour, that it read

*The Earl of Dovedale.*

*Dovedale Castle,  
Derbyshire.*

"So that is the grandfather of the little fellow whom Helena and I rescued at Cromer!" said Ernest to himself. "He certainly is much changed from the morose man that he is reported to have been. Well, he will be yachting till the autumn, so nothing can be done respecting the restoration of the child till then."

"Dreaming?" said Thornton.

"I really was," replied Ernest; "strange as it may seem to say so. But I was wide awake, for the earl's card has opened my eyes wider than they have been opened for many a day—opened them to a fact that will be of astounding importance to a friend of mine whose relation he is.

"I will explain the circumstances when I have the pleasure of meeting you at the earl's in the autumn."

The three friends dined at the Grand Hotel des Indes Orientales; and Ernest and Claude left by the night mail for Paris, while Thornton went on to Venice.

Of course the two former were profuse in their acknowledgments of obligation to the latter for his invaluable services in the rescue of Claude; but he only laughed, and assured them that he had thoroughly enjoyed the expedition, and should be glad of another similar adventure.

Thus the friends parted, to meet again in the autumn.

Ernest was anxious to get to London to ascertain whether anything, and if so, what, had been done respecting the appeal in the case of Askwyth *v.* Askwyth; and, of course, he was longing to see the dear little lady at Cromer, from whom he had been so long absent.

Claude resolved to go on from Dover to Walmer, in order to reconnoitre the convent, preparatory to a siege, having for its object the liberation of his lady-love from the thralldom of a silly superstition, and her consequent immurement there.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

On arriving at Walmer, Claude asked the way to the castle, formerly the residence of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

The railway porter to whom Claude had spoken, said that he was going that way and would show him.

This was just what he wanted—someone of whom he could ask certain questions without appearing to have gone to Walmer for any other purpose than to see the castle.

Among other matters, he inquired what places of worship there were in the town; and this naturally led to the mention of the convent, the road to which was pointed out to Claude.

Thanking his informant, he, for appearance sake, first went over the castle. Then he made his way to the convent; and it so happened that, as he was passing, a man, who from his appearance evidently was the gardener, was just leaving.

“The very man!” thought Claude. So, making an excuse for speaking to him, he walked by his side and asked him whether he could tell him where he could obtain comfortable rooms; as he had been very ill, and he thought that the bracing air and the quiet of Walmer would be beneficial to him.

He added that he did not mind how humble they were, if only they were clean, and that he was willing to pay a good price for the accommodation.



The gardener was an honest-looking man; and Claude was delighted when he said,—“Well, Sir, in t’sommer toime I lets meself a coople o’ rooms to t’folks as cooms here then aways; and I gets a good price for ’em. But now as it’s out o’ t’sseason, if they suits yer, Sir, yer shall have ’em at yer own price; and I knows as how my niece ’ll make yer coomfortable. They be just at top o’ t’hill; may be yer wouldn’t moind seeing on ’em. I be going theer now.”

“Yes, I will go with you,” said Claude. “I suppose you are a gardener?” he added, looking at his implements of husbandry.

“Yes, Sir, I’ve been doing up t’convent garden. I goes there twice a week.”

“Is it extensive?” asked Claude.

“Well, Sir, it be so so—about as large as a bird-cage be for a poor bird.”

“And the inmates are about as happy, I suppose?” said Claude.

“I guess that’s about it, Sir. God help ’em! I hears ’em singing soomtoimes; but I always thinks of a poor lark I once had. He did sing sweet *surely*; but his song, and the flutter of his wings seemed to me a prayer for liberty; and I couldn’t stand it, I couldn’t; so I lets him go. And often now, I thinks I hears him up in t’sky; and, if you’ll believe me, Sir, his song sounds ever so much sweeter.”

“Yes, I believe you,” said Claude, “and I do not

doubt that the song finds an echo in your own heart, at the remembrance of having done a kind deed."

"It do, it do, Sir. Here's my bit of a place. Will yer coom in and see t'rooms? Here, Bess, lass, show t'gentleman t'rooms."

"Bess" was a bonny, bright-faced girl of about eighteen, with that mellow freshness of colour in her cheeks, which comes of their being kissed by the sun and the sea breezes of the southern coast.

She apologized for the rooms not being very presentable; it being a time of the year when visitors were not expected.

Claude asked whether his little dog would be an objection; and on being told that it would not, said that the rooms would suit him exactly; and giving the gardener a week's rent in advance, and a sovereign to the niece to get him such things as he needed (Ernest having supplied him with funds), he said that he should leave the management of everything to her.

She was pleased with the compliment, and assured him that she would do her best to make him comfortable.

It is needless to say that the gardener's conversation with Claude was eminently satisfactory to him; showing Claude, as it did, that he had fortunately met with one who had to cultivate the convent grounds, and yet in whose mind the convent doctrines produced no fruit.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was one of those genial days in the early spring which come as harbingers of the summer; and, as the gardener was seated on a rustic bench in his little garden, smoking his pipe, Claude joined him, and circuitously renewed the conversation.

He learned that the gardener, in his youth, had been a sailor; and, therefore, he was very pleased to talk about foreign parts; but, after a while, Claude skilfully and gently turned the conversation to the topic nearest his heart; and he asked how the gardener, being a Protestant, got an engagement at a convent.

"No, Sir," said he, "I'm not a Protestant; I'm a Roman Catholic; but I claims t'roight to think for meself, as I shall have to answer for meself; and as for t'convent, I can't abear to see they poor things ashutting o' theirselves up there, and athinking that they be adoing GOD service, when t'Bible says as His service is perfect freedom. We are to be GOD-loike, and feed t'hungry, and clothe t'naked, and not spend our days saying, 'Lord! Lord!'"

"You are right," said Claude, "quite right. Your words remind me of a poem which a friend of mine wrote. It is entitled, 'Deeds, not Words.'"

WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS      201  
I THEE ENDOW.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?'  
*Luke vi. 46.*

Not for ever on thy knees,  
Would Jehovah have thee found;  
There are griefs Jehovah sees;  
There are burdens thou canst ease;  
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God,  
Prayer which God delighted hears.  
See beside yon upturned sod,  
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod,  
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal;  
This is what is wanted more:—  
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;  
Bread unto the famished deal  
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise,  
Does God want, 'neath some grand dome;  
But that thou the fallen raise;  
Bring the poor from life's highways  
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good;  
Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds;  
He who loves God as he should,  
Makes his heart's love understood  
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful ; mere words weak,  
Batt'ring at high Heaven's door.  
Let thy love by actions speak ;  
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek ;  
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother  
And to brighten eyes now dim ;  
Kind deeds done to one another,  
God accepts as done, my brother,  
Unto Him.

Or, as the same writer elsewhere says, when speaking of true worship :—

TRUE WORSHIP.

“The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.” *John iv. 23.*

What is that which God requireth ?  
Not thy heartless words of praise.  
Self-denial he desireth,  
And a hundredfold repays.  
Words alone are worthless Babels :  
Give ! Who gives, by giving, gains.—  
Bring a sacrifice, like Abel's,  
Not an offering, like Cain's.  
A simple deed of kindness done ;  
A word of comfort spoken ;  
A fervent prayer to God for one . .  
Whose heart is crushed or broken ;

XXXVIII.] I THEE ENDOW.

An act of self-denying love,  
Some stricken one to raise,  
Are, in the sight of God above,  
More beautiful than praise.

He asks not for thy formal words ;  
He asks thee for thy life !  
True manhood, on its spirit, girds  
The sword for duty's strife ;  
And conquers first the foes within ;  
Then, from that vantage ground,  
Does battle 'gainst all forms of sin  
Which compass it around.

Religion 's doing God's commands ;  
Not spending life in sighs ;  
Not sitting down with folded hands  
And meekly turned-up eyes.  
Nor is it shedding floods of tears,  
Though they, like rivers, ran ;  
Nor singing hymns ; nor hopes ; nor fears ;  
'Tis love !—to God and man.

“ Them's just my sentiments, Sir ; prayers and ceremonies and priests is all very well as helps ; but they be nothing more. We must ‘work out our salvation’ ; and I don't call living in a closed convent, working at all. It's skulking, and leaving t'work to others.

“ Not that they be all loike that ; there's my sister

there, she do coom out at toimes; and, GOD bless her! she be always glad to lend a helping hand to any poor soul.

"Ah! Sir, I often think she feels she's made a mistake; but, poor dear, she wer' well-nigh broken-hearted, because, as how she loved a sailor chap; a noice young fellow, he wer', and summat loike yerself in t'face, as I thought directly I seed yer; and he wer' drowned in trying to save a mate as fell overboard. He wer' a noble lad, he wer'; and she took on so, I thought she'd a died. Well, Sir, she entered t'convent in despair.

"Ah, it strikes me, Sir, that many on 'em in the<sup>re</sup> could tell similar tales, if they would, but they won'<sup>t</sup>. People say as how women are great talkers; but a woman never talks about her disappointments in lov<sup>e</sup>. No, they never tell that! They nurse their sorrow in secret, and

'They let concealment, like a worm in t'bud,  
Prey on their damask cheeks.'

"Poor dears!" said he, looking towards the convent, "if there were fewer disappointments in love, there'<sup>d</sup> be fewer of yer there."

Both Claude and the gardener were, for a tim<sup>e</sup>, absorbed in thought.

The silence was broken by Claude asking, "Wh<sup>a</sup>t post does your sister hold in the convent?"

"Well, Sir, she be atween two posts; she takes ca<sup>re</sup>

o' t'door;—'a door-keeper in t'house o' t'Lord,' she calls herself. And she says as how she'd rayther be that 'than dwell in t'tents o' wickedness'.

"She may be roight; but, for meself, if it wer' a question o' being t'jailor over they poor dears inside, or dwelling, loike Obadiah, in t'court o' wicked King Ahab, I'd be Obadiah. He wer' a roight sort, he wer'; he hid t'Lord's prophets by fifties in a cave, and fed 'em wi' bread and water."

"You seem to know your Bible pretty well," said Claude.

"Well, Sir, yer see it's this how,—when I'm adigging in t'garden, as I've nobody to talk to, I thinks a lot; and, so as to have summat good to think about, I reads me Bible every noight afore I goes to bed.

"Yer knows, Sir, if yer would reap, yer mun sow; so I sows i'me moind what Christ calls t'good seed; and it bears fruit, Sir, it do; but t'soil aint very rich, though God knows it's had manure enough."

Claude could not help smiling at the gardener's quaint simile; and was almost tempted to open his mind to him then and there, for he was, evidently, an honest man; but Claude thought it better to sleep over it; so, after a late dinner of ham and eggs and some vegetables fresh from the little garden, he sauntered down to the convent again, to take another look at the home that had opened its doors to his dear one in the time of her sorrow.



He did not, he could not, object to the convent as a temporary retreat for meditation and prayer; but he did most strongly object to women immuring themselves for life, and selfishly leaving their fellow creatures to perish, rather than go out into the highways and hedges and extend to them a helping hand. He held that such conduct was contrary to the benevolent feelings of our nature which it behoves us to cherish, and contrary to the precepts of God, and to the teaching of Christ.

Lights were in the upper windows of the convent; for, the good rule in such establishments is "early to bed, and early to rise."

Claude wondered which was Winifred's room, and breathed to Heaven a fervent prayer for her welfare, and for their speedy réunion.

He then went to a little shop to make a few purchases, and gave directions as to where the things were to be sent.

The good woman, with that inquisitive freedom which is so common in villages, and which is intended for friendliness, asked whether he had taken rooms there, adding, "I suppose you have come for your health, Sir? You look awful delicate, as delicate as a lady, if I may be pardoned for saying so.

"Have you been ill long, Sir?"

"Yes," replied Claude, "I have been seriously ill some time, but am getting better now, I am happy to say."

"You look as if you wanted good nursing, Sir ; and I'm sure they'll take care of you at gardener Hodge's. His niece is a very good young woman ; and he is a thoroughly honest man."

Claude said that he did not doubt it ; and, bidding her good evening, he returned to his lodgings, and slept most peacefully.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Leaving Claude at Walmer, and congratulating him on the progress which he has made towards the attainment of his object, we must now turn our attention to Ernest.

On arriving in London, he called on his friend Harold Hope; and, after briefly relating his adventures in Africa, inquired about the appeal in the case of Askwyth v. Askwyth.

He was told that it was set down for hearing in the second week in March.

"I shall be ready," said Ernest; "though, I tell you candidly, as a matter of law, I fear that the chances are against us; for, it is probable that it will prove to be not a question of common sense and equity, but of legal precedent.

"However, all that can be done to obtain justice for our client, shall be done."

Ernest felt that, at the trial, he had achieved a great and an unexpected success; and he was naturally anxious to maintain the position which his success had given him.

But he well knew that when a wrong has obtained a footing by the sanction of usage, it is next to impossible to overthrow it.

His chief hope rested on the fact that, until the present case came on for hearing, the question had never been brought before a competent tribunal; and he trusted that the judges would hesitate before, by an adverse decision, they branded any part of the marriage contract as a blasphemous mockery; and, by vitiating a part, destroyed the whole.

The next day, Ernest called on his father, and was delighted to find the old gentleman so well, and so bright.

He had stayed a month at Cromer, and had spent there, he said, one of the happiest months of his life.

Ernest smiled, and looked so intently at his father, that the old gentleman blushed, and said, "I see that you guess my secret, Ernest. Yes, it is true; I am going to take up my abode at Cromer. The dream of my early life is about to be realized, and you will have to call the old lady, 'Mother', instead of 'Grandmother'."

"That, doubtless, will be very agreeable to you, Father," said Ernest; "and I sincerely wish you every happiness; but it will be rather awkward for me. For, when Helena's grandmother becomes my mother, Helena becomes my niece; and a man may not marry his niece.

"But I am going down to Cromer to-morrow," added Ernest, with a laugh, "and if I forestall you, and get married first, that will be very awkward for you, seeing

that Helena, by marrying your son, will become your daughter, consequently her grandmother will be your mother; and if a man may not marry his niece, *a fortiori*, a man may not marry his mother!"

The blank dismay depicted in the old gentleman's countenance caused Ernest to roar with laughter; but he said, "No, no, Father; I will never take the wind out of your sails. We will surmount the difficulty by both being married at the same instant. Then I shall not be marrying my niece; and you will not be marrying your mother."

They had a hearty laugh together; after which Ernest asked his father what he thought of Helena now that he had had so good an opportunity of seeing her "at home."

He answered, "She is a charming girl, Ernest, and one that will be an honour to your house when you are the Lord Chancellor."

"'When'; yes, it is well to say, 'when'. However; if, in France, as Napoleon said, every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, surely, here in England, we may say that every barrister, when dozing in his arm chair, may pardonably dream of the 'woolsack'."

"Will the appeal be heard soon? And what is your opinion respecting it?" asked old Mr. Aldam.

"It comes on for hearing in the second week in March," said Ernest; "but, as for my opinion respecting it, I really do not know what to say."

"There can be no question as to the justness of my client's claim; but when, for generations, it has been held that, on marriage, all property is vested in the husband, he will be a bold judge who will dare to upset so well-established a precedent.

"On the other hand, he will be a still bolder judge who will dare to nullify the marriage contract by deciding that a portion of it is not binding; for, it is a legal axiom that, either a contract is binding in its entirety, or it is not binding at all; and if the endowment clause be declared void, the whole is void; and the marriage ceremony, as performed in the Established Church, is a delusion and a snare by which every woman, who professedly has been married according to its forms, has really been entrapped into concubinage, for she is no wife, and therefore her children are illegitimate.

"Consequently, in advocating my client's cause, I am advocating the cause of every woman in the land. Yes, and I am proud to do so."

"The women of England will owe you an eternal debt of gratitude", said his father.

"Why, Ernest, you will revolutionize society! Do you assert that, either the wife has an equal right and share in her husband's property, or she is not his wife at all, and therefore her children are illegitimate?"

"Yes," replied the young barrister; "that is true of every one who has gone through the ceremony of marriage in the Church of England."

"Well," said old Mr. Aldam, "if that is the alternative that you are going to set before the court, I cannot doubt that their decision will be in your favour; the other alternative is too awful to contemplate."

"We shall see," said Ernest.

He then told his father about his journey through Africa, the release of Claude Howard, the meeting with the old Earl of Dovedale at Tripoli, and his kindly taking them in his yacht to Brindisi, and inviting them to the castle in the autumn.

They sat up talking till late into the night; and, of course the restoration of the little boy was discussed, and decided upon, as there was such a change for the better in the earl whose harsh nature had evidently been softened by sorrow.

The double wedding, and, if Winifred could be released, the triple wedding, should take place, they decided, if agreeable to the ladies, at the beginning of the long vacation in the middle of August.

These matters having been determined, Ernest bade his father good-bye, and was off to Cromer by the five o'clock train in the morning.



## CHAPTER XL.

Six months had elapsed since last he took that journey.

It was then late in the summer, when vegetation was richest, and bird and insect life were most abundant. The woods and hedges were densely massive with leaves, and the tremulous hot air was teeming with insects revelling in the sunbeams. Butterflies and bees and ephemera of every sort rejoiced in the brightness of nature. The dragon-fly paused on his gauzy wings for a moment, and then, like a flash of light, was gone. Over the shallow pools of transparent water, the skates skimmed, as if enjoying a winter frolic in summer time; their round web-like feet, invisible to the naked eye, casting spheroid shadows on the yellow sand at the bottom. High up, the swallows and swifts wheeled round the tall elms and the spire of the village church, shrieking in very ecstasy.

Well did Ernest remember the birds, and bees, and the butterflies, of the previous summer. "Where are they all now?" he asked.

"The swallows and swifts have gone to the sunny south whence I have just returned; and, instead of the song of birds, there is only the creaking of the bare



branches of the trees as they rub against each other for warmth, while the biting east wind sweeps through the deserted woods. The ephemeræ and other insects, numbering millions upon millions, have lived their little life and have gone; the bees are hybernating, the dragon-flies, with their rainbow wings, have deposited their eggs in the ponds, and are not; and the butterflies are mummified as chrysalids, while the little glassy pools are frozen, and the grass glistens as if powdered with ærial diamonds."

Musing thus, Ernest walked along the silver-frosted green lanes from Cromer station.

The air was crisp; and the sun, though low on the horizon, cast a welcome brightness over the landscape, and gave a warmer hue to the autumn-tinted leaves of the trailing brambles that sheltered, from the keen winds, the rath primroses that were bursting through the soft rank mould in the hedge bottoms.

But, to Ernest's eyes, a still brighter sheen was thrown over the landscape by the sunny smile with which Helena ran into his outstretched, welcoming arms, as he turned a corner of the green, secluded lane, and suddenly came upon her and little Edgar, and the dog Rover.

Ah! there is no brightness like that which beams from the eyes of love when the soul gazes through those beauteous windows upon the object of its affections.

Clasped to his breast, with heart beating against heart as if each were holding secret, but passionate, converse with the other, she drank with ecstatic rapture the loving kisses of his lips, her life then seeming to her to be the very embodiment of happiness.

Her soul was too full for utterance; but, oh how eloquent was that silence! There was no need for words. Indeed, no words could have expressed the heart's deep feelings of mingled gladness and gratitude.

The silence passed; and then came the thousand and one questions which revealed the anxiety that each had felt for the other during their long separation.

Rover, too, looked up, begging for a word of recognition; and the little boy was taken into Ernest's arms, and was asked whether he remembered him.

Then Ernest noticed the striking likeness that there was between the child and his grandfather, of whom he immediately spoke to Helena, telling her how strangely he had met with him on the coast of Africa, but did not know him to be the Earl of Dovedale until he read his name on the card which he had received from him on bidding him good-bye at Brindisi.

"I am very glad," said Helena; "for, though it will be a great grief to lose the little fellow, the old earl has a right to him; and now that the spirit of the earl has, you say, become subdued by his sorrow, we must gladden his declining years by letting him have the child in the autumn."

"And before then, dear Helena, I want you to become my wife."

She looked up into his face with a sweet blush, and said, "Whenever you like, dear Ernest; I am sure that what you decide on, must be best."

"So sweet a speech," said he, "reminds me of a certain passage of Scripture which says,—'*Every man* shall kiss *his* lips that giveth a right answer.' But the words, '*Every man*' and '*his*' are not in the original, dear Helena; therefore the passage may, with equal propriety, be translated thus:—'*Thou shalt kiss her* lips that giveth a right answer';" and, suiting the action to the words, he kissed her lips fondly once again; and so, amid laughter and blushes, the compact was sealed.

Rover's arrival at the cottage announced the approach of the lovers; and, as usual, the old lady welcomed them in the porch.

She was congratulated by Ernest on the prospect of the realization of her life's young dream, in her marriage with his father, and was wished every happiness.

"But," said he, with roguish mirthfulness, "Helena and I were engaged before this last engagement of yours; and, on our marriage, Helena's grandmother becomes mine; and my grandmother is, of course, my father's or my mother's mother; and my father becomes my grandmother's son; and a man may not marry his

mother, nor may a woman marry her son. How are you going to get over that?"

"This way," said the old lady, with a degree of warmth that greatly amused Ernest, "We were engaged before you were born; and, besides, we are the elder, and shall claim precedence by virtue of seniority as well as of priority of engagement."

"Don't you think," said Ernest, "that, as you both have been married once, it is Helena's and my turn to be married next?"

"You see, if you are married to my father, your granddaughter becomes his; and his granddaughter is either my daughter or my niece; and a man may not marry either one or the other. And if Helena becomes my daughter or my niece, I become either her father or her uncle; and she may not marry either one or the other."

"O Ernest, how can you tease us so?" said Helena. "Surely your wise head can devise some escape from the dilemma."

"Yes, my darling, we must all be married at the same instant. Then I shall not be marrying my daughter or my niece; you will not be marrying your father or your uncle; my father will not be marrying his mother; and Grandmother will not be marrying her son.

"And now, Grandmother, when is it to be? The beginning of the long vacation will, of course, suit me best. Will that be agreeable to you?"

"Whatever time pleases your father, will please me," said the old lady, a beautiful blush suffusing her clear face, like the roseate hue of sunset after a storm.

"I do not doubt that the middle of August will suit him quite as well as any other time," said Ernest. "I am sure that he will say, 'The sooner the better'."

"So we will consider that settled. There now, I think that we have done a good stroke of business this morning."

"Do you call it business?" asked Helena, with a little *moue*. "I should have thought that, whatever might be your private opinion upon it, you would at least have had the gallantry to call it pleasure."

"And a pleasure it is, you dear little critic," replied Ernest; "but, by the time you have finished your preparations for it, you will not think that the word '*busy-ness*' is wholly inappropriate."



## CHAPTER XLI.

After luncheon they went to visit the grave of the earl's daughter and granddaughter in the village churchyard.

It was a peaceful spot beneath the overshadowing branches of a patriarchal yew tree. But violets love the shade, and bloomed in profusion on the grave, at the head of which was a plain white marble cross, having on it only the simple word "Mamma."

How sad the closing scenes of her earthly existence! She loved and gave herself to one who had saved her life; and she died a martyr on the altar of her affection.

What can be compared with woman's love? Nothing. It stands alone, supreme, preëminent. It is an emanation from the Deity; and, by its celestial fire, the baser passions of man's nature are sublimated. Happy he who lives under its influence! But the censor-heart that contains the hallowed fire is delicately frail and perishing; and—like a crystal when subjected to intense heat,—is often shattered by a chilling blast. In the glowing summer atmosphere of reciprocal love it lives; but in the winter frosts of unrequited affection it perishes.

A robin was pouring forth its song of gladness; and the sunlight fell in golden kisses on the grave, as Ernest and Helena turned away from the quiet resting place of the lonely and desolate-hearted.

The silence was in unison with their thoughts—the surroundings were sad and sorrowful, but there were gleams of brightness scintillating through the bare boughs; and spring flowers were bursting through the entombing earth.

Yes, however sad our lives may be, there is always some compensating circumstances to relieve the gloom. We may learn this from the trees of the wood. They may be stripped of their leaves, but, to the lover of nature, there is always beauty and interest in their very trunks.

Here is the gnarled stem of the oak, the true emblem of strength; there is the glorious, broad-spreading beech with its smooth bark, so indicative of proud self-containedness; by its side stands the Scotch fir, rough, rugged, and red, as if aglow with vigour acquired by wrestling with the storm; there is the silvery birch with its delicate tracery of slender boughs played with by the wayward wind; there is its tasselled sister; and, close to her, is a sturdy yew that seems to have concentrated in itself the vicissitudes of the blasts of centuries—all deeply interesting, though the trees are in the desolation of nakedness.

These, and a thousand other thoughts born of the

country, entered into the souls of the lovers as they wandered along, silently happy in the blissful consciousness of each other's presence.

There was much that they had to say to each other; but there are times when silence is sweeter than words; the feelings engendered by love being voiceless from intense rapture.

So absorbed in their newly-found happiness were the lovers, that they did not at first miss little Edgar, who had accompanied them to the churchyard, but was now nowhere to be seen!

The dog also was missing; so Ernest and Helena concluded that they had gone home. But, on reaching the cottage, they found, to their consternation, that such was not the case.

Ernest then remembered that they had met a gipsy's covered van, and that the gipsy looked very intently at the boy; but, with his long, golden locks, he was so generally admired, that the circumstance did not at the time seem strange. But, now that he was missing, the event raised a suspicion in Ernest's mind that the little fellow had been enticed and kidnapped by the gipsy.

Ernest was quickly on the track of the van, and overtook it just as it was nearing Sherringham railway station.

Accosting the man, he inquired whether he had seen a little boy with long hair, and dressed in a blue velvet suit.



The man said yes, he had passed such a one about half-an-hour ago, but had not seen him since.

"Are you sure?" said Ernest, looking sternly at the man.

"What d'yer mean?" said he; "d'yer think I've stole him?"

"I do not say that," replied Ernest; "but I have not left the road since you passed me and the child; and there has been no one else on the road; so it is very strange if you do not know anything about him."

"I don't want to have no words with yer, guv'ner; so get into the van and see for yerself," said the gipsy, who had been leading the horse.

Ernest thanked him, and said that he did not like to trouble him; but, as he had asked him to enter, he would do so.

Inside the van there were a woman, supposed to be the gipsy's wife, and a young girl of twelve, and a boy of five; but no Edgar was visible, either in the van or under it, nor yet on the top of it; and it did not seem possible for him to be hidden anywhere in so small a space.

So, apologizing for the trouble, Ernest left the van, first giving a half-crown to the girl, in whose eyes he saw the traces of tears, and he was much impressed by their sad expression; for, on receiving the coin, she raised them as to heaven;—an action which he thought very strange.

“Well, guv’ner, are yer satisfied now? Pr’aps yer thinks I’ve swallered him. If so, may be yer won’t mind giving me a trifle to wash him down?”

Ernest gave the man a shilling, and went on to the railway station, and took the train to Cromer, to lay the facts before the police.

This done, he returned to the cottage, wondering at the absence of the dog, as well as the child; and, as he thought of the girl’s upturned glance, it occurred to him that perhaps she meant to hint that Edgar had been hidden away in the arched roof of the van, it probably being double, with a space between to keep the interior cool in the summer, or for the convenient stowage of stolen goods.

The more he thought of this, the more probable it seemed; and he was vexed that it had not occurred to him when examining the van.

The cottage stood half-way between each station, so he just called to report himself, and then went on again after the van, which had been going towards Sherringham station.

As he passed the wood in which was the pond where the earl’s daughter was drowned, he thought he heard a faint whine; and, listening, he felt sure that his surmise was correct.

Entering the wood, he soon came upon poor Rover with a string tied tightly round his neck, and a heavy stone attached to the other end.

The dog had, evidently, been strangled and thrown into the pond. But, being a powerful brute, he must first have been drugged, or no one would have dared — to attempt it.

His great strength had enabled him to crawl out of the water dragging the stone with him; but, in so doing, he had drawn the string more tightly round his neck till he was almost strangled.

Ernest instantly cut the string; and the poor dog's first act was to lick his hand in gratitude.

After a minute or two, he recovered, shook his greasy sides, and was himself again; and Ernest thinking that he might be useful if he again met the man, took him with him.

Emerging from the wood, he saw the van at a little distance ahead. The horse had been taken from the shafts and was grazing by the road side; and, sitting on the steps, was the little girl all alone.

Ernest spoke kindly to her, and asked where her father was.

Looking timidly round, as if afraid lest anyone should hear, though no one was present, she said, "Dad has gone to Lun'on wi' t'young un, bless 'im. But he's left 'is pretty togs, an' gone in bruver's."

"Do you mean that my little boy has gone?" asked Ernest excitedly.

The girl nodded.

"Where was he when I examined the van?"

"In t'roof, wi' a 'ankercher over 'is mug."

"And was that what you wished me to understand by your looking up when I gave you the half-crown?"

Another nod.

"And can you tell me why your father took him?"

"Yes, master, a ge'm'an i' Lun'on said as 'e give dad a lot o' money if 'e could get t'little chap; and 'e's been a watchin' for 'im for weeks."

Ernest bit his lip, and said hurriedly, "Good bye, and remember if ever you want a friend, come to the cottage. I must go after the child. Do you know to what part of London he is being taken?"

"I 'eerd 'im say summat about a Park Lane. But, pray, master, don't tell o' me."

"Not I, my lass; good bye."

Ernest ascertained from the station master at Sheringham that a man, answering to the description given of the gipsy, had just left by the 3.15 train for King's Cross, and was accompanied by a little boy.

He at once telegraphed to Scotland Yard, describing the two, and giving the man in charge for kidnapping, and stated that he himself should be at King's Cross by the next train to substantiate the charge.

Now, it so happened that the gipsy's wife, after seeing her husband off, was just about to leave the station, when she saw Ernest arrive. Recognizing him, she instantly went back; and, unfortunately overheard the conversation between him and the station master.

Waiting till Ernest had left the station ; (for, the next train to London did not leave Sherringham till 5 o'clock, so that he had time to go back to the cottage) she took a down train to Cromer, and telegraphed thence to her sister in London as follows :—"Ned is due at King's Cross at 7.55 ; you meet that train at Barnet, and tell him to get out there. Important."

Ernest, after acquainting the good folks at the cottage with all that he had done, left for London by the 5 o'clock train, taking Rover with him, and arrived at King's Cross at 9.30 to find that the gipsy had escaped them ;—the detective was there, but the gipsy had not been seen.



## CHAPTER XLII.

We left Claude in the gardener's cottage at Walmer. He rose betimes in the morning, greatly refreshed by his night's rest, and went down to the beach for a swim.

The air was crisp and clear, and the motion of the waves was buoyant and exhilarating; and to him who, for so many weary months, had been parching in the hot sandy desert of the Great Sahara, it was an unspeakable luxury, and one in which he revelled.

All aglow from the exercise and the action of the briny particles, and the fresh morning air, he retraced his steps to the cottage, and sat down to breakfast, healthfully hungry.

The meal finished, he went into the little garden where the gardener was cutting vegetables for the day's consumption.

Claude told him that he had been for a swim; and the gardener asked him whether he would like a day's fishing.

"Certainly I should," said Claude; "it will be a great treat to me."

So it was arranged that they should take some captain's biscuits and some cheese with them, and not return until late in the afternoon.

There was a gentle swell on the sea ; and the motion of the little vessel, as it skimmed along, was pleasurable exciting.

Claude told the gardener about the "ships of the desert," and sand storms, and siroccos, and mirages, and the almost tideless shores of the Mediterranean sea, till the old man was fairly enchanted with his visitor—as a storyteller ; for as such simply, he regarded him, and said,—“Lor, Sir, how yer do talk ! I could tell yer’d been to sea, or yer could never have spun yarns loike them.”

“I assure you that it is all true that I am telling you.”

“That’s biggest yarn o’ t’lot ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !” ; and the old man laughed till tears ran down his weather-beaten cheeks. “That’s a clencher, that is !”

“You are as doubting as was the old woman whose sailor boy was telling her about flying fish”, said Claude.

“What was that, Sir ?”

“Have you never heard it ? The old woman could not believe that any fish could fly ; but when her son said, ‘Well, Mother, what do you think when I tell you that, on weighing anchor, when we were in the Red Sea, one of the wheels of Pharaoh’s chariot was brought up on one of the flukes ?’

“‘Aye, aye, lad,’ she said, ‘I believe that, because we read about it in the Bible ; but ne’er tell me about

flying fish, Johny.' So you, my friend, are doubtful about the truth of my stories, just because they are concerning things with which you are not acquainted.

"But I want you to have faith in me—to trust me that I am telling you the truth. Not that your belief in the stories is of any consequence; but your belief in me is to me most important."

The old man was puzzled by Claude's earnestness, and said, "I hope there's no offence, Sir?"

"None whatever; but I have a very serious business on hand; and if you had confidence in me, you might render me very valuable assistance in it."

"Well, Sir, my maxim is, 'Believe a man's honest, till yer finds him out to be a rogue.' There be some folks as takes t'maxim t'other way round—reads it back'ards loike—and says, 'Believe a man's a rogue till yer finds him out to be honest.' But that's not my way, it's not charity, which t'Bible says we're to 'follow after'."

"But do you not get taken in sometimes?" asked Claude, desirous to draw out the old man.

"Yes, Sir, I do, 'man is born to trouble'; but I'd rayther trust and be taken in sometoimes, than be everlastingly possessed o' t'devil o' uncharitableness. It's t'happier state.

"I believe there's good i' all men; though t'bad do get uppermost i' t'struggle, toime and again.

"Yer see, then, Sir, it's my creed to trust yer."



“You will not find your trust abused,” said Claude; “and if you cannot conscientiously do what I ask you, refuse, like a man.”

“Yer have little need to say that, Sir. I always tries to keep on good terms wi’ conscience. It’s foolish to quarrel wi’ one that yer have to live wi’ all yer days, aye, and sleep wi’ too. Talk o’ Mrs. Caudle’s curtain lectures; they be nothing to t’lectures that conscience g’ies yer when y’offend her. She be a termagant then, she be!

“I’m sure yer wouldn’t ask me to do nothing that yer wouldn’t do yerself; so I says, if I can help yer, Sir, in any way, on’y say so, and it’s done.

“What’s our lives for, but just to help one another wi’? The man as lives on’y for hisself is a fool; he misses t’sweetest part o’ life—that o’ being GOD-loike.”

“That is just it,” said Claude; “and introduces the very subject about which I was desirous of speaking to you. You have a sister in the convent?”

“That’s true, Sir; ‘and pity ’tis ’tis true.’”

“Well, and I have a sweetheart there.”

“Whew! that t’way t’wind blows, is it? And how came she there, Sir?”

“I will tell you. We were engaged to be married; and my regiment was suddenly ordered abroad; and off I had to go at four-and-twenty hours’ notice.

“It was to Egypt for the relief of General Gordon; and, in a skirmish with the Dervishes, my horse was

shot under me, and fell on my leg, crushing it and holding me down.

"I was taken prisoner, and carried into the very centre of Africa, and there kept in captivity.

"My letters were stopped; my friends thought me dead; and my poor darling, in very despair, entered the convent.

"Her brother learned where I was, through a mysterious dream, and he and a gallant friend of his, penetrated the great desert in search of me, and rescued me.

"And now I want your sister to let my lady-love know that I am alive, and that I claim the fulfilment of our engagement."

"And that's what yer come down here for, then, I suppose?"

"That is it," said Claude. "May I reckon on your help?"

"O'course yer may; and very glad I shall be to help yer to get t'poor bird out o' t'cage.

"I dare say t'priest 'ud curse me if he knowd; but I say, as David said, 'They will curse, but Thou wilt bless.' Yes, GOD will bless them as does good to their fellow creatures; and they as send forth curses will find that, loike birds o' evil omen, they come home to roost."

"You are not afraid of the priests' curses, then?"

"Not I, Sir; t'priests be but men; and only GOD

can truly bless or curse; and though t'priests do say as how GOD has given t'power to them to curse; atween you and me, Sir, I don't believe it!

"Why should GOD do it? Tell me that, Sir."

"That is what I cannot tell you," answered Claude.

"No, Sir, nor nobody else. Turn t'question round which way yer will, and I loikes to look at all sides, yer cannot believe that He'd do it. Why should He? Would it honour Him? Not a bit of it! Would it benefit them as had t'power given to 'em? It 'ud puff 'em up wi' pride, and 'pride goeth before destruction'. Would it benefit mankind? Not it. I say wi' David, 'It is better that I should fall into the hands of the Lord (for His mercies are many), than into the hands of men,' be they priests, or popes, or any one else. No, no; 'Power belongeth to God'; and He has said, 'I will not give my glory to another'. Therefore, as Christ said of Pilate, so I say of t'priests—'they have no power against us unless it be given them from above; and it never has been given them. No, no. Christ's words are, 'The Father Himself loveth you'; and curses don't come from love, Sir."

"Why, you are a rank heretic," said Claude, smiling.

"I don't know what that be," said the old man; "but I hope I'm a Christian."

"I wish that there were more like you in the world," replied Claude; "and, whether I succeed or fail, I thank GOD for having directed me to you."

“That be very kind o’ yer, Sir, to say they things; and I’m glad yer acknowledges t’hand o’ Providence. ‘In all thy ways think on Him, and He will direct thy steps.’”

Thus they talked while they rowed out to the offing. There they baited their hooks, and were rewarded by a plentiful catch of fish, quite ample to repay the old man for his day’s labour.

“I’ve been a thinking,” said he, after a rather long silence, “that t’best way ’ll be to take my sister into our confidence, and tell her all about it.

“She have a loving heart, she have; and they lets her come into t’village to get what they wants in t’ convent; so when I goes to do t’gardening to-morrow, I’ll ask her to come to t’cottage next time she’s out; and then we can talk it over.”

This being arranged, they rowed back; reaching the cottage at sunset; and, in the evening, Claude wrote to Ernest, telling how, so far, he had succeeded.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

When Ernest found that the gipsy had escaped him, he determined to return by the first down train, and to get out at every station, taking Rover on to the platform with him, trusting that his bloodhound instinct would enable him to track the fugitive.

This he was the more hopeful of because there was not only the gipsy, but also the child, whom, of course, Rover well knew.

Fortunately, there was a train starting for the north immediately; and, by arrangement with the guard, Ernest and his canine friend had a compartment to themselves.

The first station at which the train stopped was Barnet. There, three hours previous, the gipsy had left the train and the station in company with his sister-in-law and the stolen child.

No sooner had Ernest and the dog crossed the line and were on the up platform than Rover at once gave mouth; and, but that Ernest held him, he would have started off, and have been out of reach and beyond control in his eager pursuit of the scent which he had instantly taken up.

An answer to a hasty word of inquiry of one of the

railway porters told Ernest that the dog was on the track of the character described; so, hiring a cab having a good horse, he released the dog, jumped up outside with the driver, and told him to keep up with the dog, and he would pay him well.

The man entered into the spirit of the chase; and, following the dog, which took the direction of London, along what, in the old coaching days, used to be called the great north road, they soon reached Finchley.

Here Rover rushed into the tap-room of the "Bald Faced Stag."

Ernest and the cabman were down and after him in a minute; but the gipsy was not there.

However, they learned that a man, answering to the description given, had been there, with a woman and little boy, about an hour previous.

The cabman had a glass of ale, and Rover a pat on the head and a few kind words of encouragement; then he and the horse had a drink of water; and the dog, being let go, caught up the scent, and was off again; the cab, with Ernest and the man on the box, following close on his heels.

Away they went; it was then eleven o'clock; the night was starry, but dark, and but for the rattle of the wheels, the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and the occasional baying of the dog, there was no sound.

Under Highgate Archway they sped, along the Kentish Town Road, to Camden Town; and just as

they neared the "Mother Red Cap," the gipsy, the woman, and the child were seen emerging from that public house.

In an instant Rover flew at the man's throat and had him down. A gurgling sound issuing from his mouth told that the dog's fangs were in his windpipe. He struggled with all the frenzied madness of despair; but the powerful and infuriated beast was too strong for him.

The woman screamed, let fall the child, and took to flight.

The child threw itself on the dog; and, clasping it round the body as it held the gipsy down, cried, "My dear old doggy!"

This act of the child unconsciously saved the dog's life; for, a policeman had just raised his truncheon to shatter its skull.

Ernest, coming up at that moment, seized the policeman's arm to protect the child, and told him, in a few words, that the gipsy had kidnapped the child and nearly murdered the dog.

Ernest, taking up the child, called off the dog; but the man was now black in the face, for the dog's jaws had met, severing the jugular vein and crushing the windpipe. His eyes were starting from their sockets, with such an expression of terror as will never be forgotten by the horror-stricken crowd that had gathered round.

The dog relaxed his grip at once; but his work was done; the man evidently was dying.

The policeman and Ernest lifted him into the cab and drove off to Middlesex Hospital; Rover following underneath, and the child sitting on Ernest's knee outside with the cabman.

Ernest was greatly shocked at the awful termination of the affair; and he asked the child what the man had done to the dog before he threw him into the pond.

The child said that while he was playing with Rover the man slipped a noose over his head and strangled him; and the woman put her hand over the child's mouth to prevent his screaming, and lifted him into the van, and the man dragged the dog into the wood.

This treatment of the dog accounted for its rage.

On the arrival of the cab at the hospital, the body was lifted out and carried into the accident ward, where the resident surgeon pronounced life to be extinct.

Ernest gave his card, and was requested to attend with the child at the inquest which would be held the next day at noon.

The inside of the cab being bloody, Ernest again mounted the box with the child, and told the cabman to drive to New Burlington Street. Then giving him a handsome gratuity, he discharged him, and told the housekeeper to make up a bed for the child, while he sent a telegram to Cromer.

At the inquest on the following day, all the circum-



stances in connection with the case were fully related; and the child's evidence was given as to the gipsy's inhuman treatment of the dog, and the kidnapping of the child.

Ernest stated that, previous to hearing the child's story, he had imagined that the dog had had some drugged food given to it, and that, when unconscious, it had been thrown into the pond with a heavy stone attached to a string round its neck.

Had he known that it had been inhumanly treated when conscious, he would not have let him go unchained in pursuit of his deadly foe.

Then, addressing the coroner, he said, "Of course you are aware that evil intent is an essential ingredient in crime, the maxim being, '*Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*'; or, as Blackstone puts it, 'To constitute a crime against human laws, there must be first a vicious will, and secondly an unlawful act consequent upon such a vicious will';\* and the possession of such a will I utterly disclaim," said Ernest.

Both the coroner and the jury saw that a grievous wrong had been committed against the child, whose guileless story won all hearts; and that the dog had simply taken revenge on the man for the suffering which he had inflicted upon him.

---

\* Blackstone's Commentaries, 1st Ed. Vol. IV. p. 21.

The verdict consequently was, "Death by misadventure."

One of the jury suggested that the dog should be destroyed; but Ernest protested against such an act, as the dog was not vicious.

"Besides," said Ernest, "if it is lawful for a Christian in defence of his own life, to take the life of a would-be murderer, *a fortiori*, it is lawful for a dog to do it. And though a Christian, if his enemy escape for a time, is expected not to carry his vengeance into the future, it is unreasonable to expect, and unjust to require, that a dog should act on Christian principles."

It was therefore ruled that the dog should not be destroyed.

Ernest returned to Cromer the same afternoon, taking little Edgar and the dog with him.

As the train flew along, he pondered over the events of the two past days. He could not help regretting the death of the gipsy, first for the man's sake, and secondly because his death destroyed all chance of his being able to discover the instigator of the kidnapping.

It was clearly some one who had learned the history of the child, and was interested in his being got out of the way. More than that, never was known.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

The child slept in the sturdy arms of Ernest, whose bronzed, manly face looked down on the beautiful orphan, with an expression of tender sympathy.

“Poor child!” he said to himself; “how acute must have been his sufferings when, torn ruthlessly away from the only beings in the world who love him, he was made to change his beautiful clothes for the dirty rags of a beggar, and remain in company with a man who, as the child thought, had brutally murdered poor Rover.”

Yet the child’s sleep was as peaceful as if his little heart had never known a sorrow!

Thank God for the gift of sleep. In that peaceful state, the overwrought brain no longer throbs with torturing anxiety; the nerves of sensation, and of motion, and of volition are at rest; for the strain on the silver cord is relaxed; and the mind, like a bow unstrung, can no longer send forth with unerring aim the keen arrows of thought. Then fancy wanders away from the stern realities of life; the beggar forgets his poverty, and is feasting with nobles; the rich man forgets his cares, and is again a happy child; the artist forgets his ambition and his disappointments, and revels

with delight in pictures of the imagination, fairer than his eye ever beheld; and the mute is no longer tongue-tied, but sways with the breath of words the mighty concourse of listeners who bow beneath his eloquence, as the ripe ears of corn bow beneath the winds of heaven that sweep over them. These changes bring to the tired sleeper refreshment and strength which enable him to renew, with vigour, the battle of life when the day breaks again.

Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of our traveller, and whiled away the time till the train reached Cromer.

The weary little child still slept, and was carried from the train to a carriage that soon reached the ivy-covered cottage, where a hearty welcome was accorded them.

The circumstances of the chase after the gipsy, and his awful death, were faithfully related; and Rover, being regarded as a murderer, was for a time looked at a little askance by the ladies. But Ernest promised that he should have a thorough wash, and then, he hoped, the ladies would consider him purified; for, indeed, he did not deserve to be blamed: he had only followed the instinct of his nature; and the death of the gipsy was the penalty which he had had to pay for his crime.

That evening the sorrows and anxieties of the Past were forgotten in the joys of the Present; as they shall

be in the great Hereafter when GOD shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Of course the all-absorbing topic of conversation was the coming weddings ; and even when they were not directly under consideration, they formed the back ground to all other mental pictures, and irradiated them with a halo of brightness. When the heart is happy, it colours all things with the roseate hue of its own feelings.

The morning's post brought them a letter from Claude reporting the progress that he was making at Walmer.

Of course, all were deeply interested in Winifred and him ; and the probabilities of his success were freely discussed at the breakfast table.

"Much depends on whether she has taken the vows," said the old lady.

"Vows or no vows," replied Ernest ; "no one in England can lose his freedom. It is an axiom, of which we may well be proud, that 'Slaves cannot breathe in England ; the moment that their feet touch our soil, their shackles fall off, and they are free' !"

"But is not a vow binding?" asked Helena.

"My answer, Helena, shall be threefold. I will consider the question legally, morally, and religiously.

"First, then ; a vow is not binding legally, if it is contrary to the law of the land, or is in contravention of a citizen's freedom. Secondly ; a vow is not binding

morally, if it is antagonistic to the well-being of society, or is subversive of the ethics of love. And, thirdly; a vow is not binding religiously if it has been exacted by priestly or other domination, or is made in manifest distrust of the ever-guiding providence of GOD.

“Religious vows especially, err in this last particular. They virtually say, ‘What is it to me that the Bible affirms of GOD that “He leadeth the blind by a way that they knew not”? I do not want His leading. I will go to Heaven in my own way. I will not leave myself free to be led by the Spirit of GOD. I will bind my soul with an oath to go in this special direction; and no other will I take.’

“Thus they ‘limit the Holy ONE of Israel’; and, while professing to serve and to follow Him, they are, in reality, endeavouring to bind Him down to follow them!

“O blind infatuation! to answer Him who in pitying love has said, ‘I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go,’—‘Thank you, I have settled all that; I know the way perfectly well.’

“Surely it is to such that the word of GOD was spoken:—‘Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks which ye have kindled: this shall ye have of My hand—ye shall lie down in sorrow.’”

“You should have been a preacher,” said Helena; “your devout and logical mind, combined with your

great eloquence, would have been a mighty power in the earth for good."

"And may it not be so without my being a preacher? If every Christian did his duty, and used for his fellows' good the talents which GOD has given him, there would be little need of preachers, so called.

"In one sense we all are preachers—'living epistles, known and read of all men.' 'None of us liveth to himself': consciously, or unconsciously, we are influencing each other for good, or for evil, by every action of our lives; and each should ask himself, 'What is the lesson that my life is teaching?'"



## CHAPTER XLV.

On the following Sunday, it being Easter day, the Athanasian creed was read at church; and, during its reading, Ernest, as was his custom, sat down to show his contempt for it; “for,” as he remarked, “it is not of divine origin, and could have emanated only from the brain of a bigot; and bigotry is uncharitableness, and uncharitableness is sensorious self-righteousness; and such a spirit is accursed of God.

“The idea of any erring mortal daring to formulate a creed to explain the inexplicable, and then anathematizing all who do not believe his explanation! Such are its beginning, its middle, and its ending. It opens thus:—

“‘Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the catholick faith. Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.’

“The middle of the creed is this:—‘He that will be saved, must thus think of the Trinity.’

“And the end of the creed is in accordance with its beginning:—‘This is the Catholick Faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.’

“The following is one matter which the English and the Romish Church (twin sisters in the heresy) require



us under pain of perdition, to believe concerning the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit:—That the Son was begotten by the Father, and that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son, and yet that ‘the whole three Persons are co-eternal’!—An utter and absolute impossibility; and to say that GOD will damn a man to all eternity if he cannot believe it, is blasphemously to slander the Most High.

“I can believe,” said Ernest, “that GOD can manifest Himself in three ways—as a Father, as a Son, and as a Holy Spirit—or in three hundred ways; and, in that sense, I am not merely a Trinitarian, I am a Tricentenarian; or, for the matter of that, a Trimillenarian.

“But it is one thing to believe in the infinite nature of the divine epiphany; and it is quite another thing to believe in polytheism.

“‘GOD, who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.’ But the manifestation of GOD by the Son, does not make the Son GOD, any more than the manifestation of GOD by the prophets, makes the prophets GOD.”

“But is not Christ called in the Scriptures ‘The Mighty God’?” asked Helena.

“No,” replied Ernest, “he is not. The passage to which you refer is a prophecy that Christ should be called ‘The Mighty God’; and we see that prophecy

fulfilled in the present day. The passage occurs in Isa. ix. 6, and reads as follows:—

“‘Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.’

“This prophecy has been more than fulfilled: Christ is not only *called* ‘The Mighty God,’ but is worshipped as such! and this text is actually quoted in support of that worship.

“But the passage does not say that he *is* ‘The Mighty God;’ it says only that that is one of the names by which he should be *called*. He is no more ‘The Mighty God’ than he is ‘The Everlasting Father.’

“The name by which Elijah was called,—‘Eli-jah,’—means GOD the Lord. But who can believe that he actually was GOD the Lord? Yet, if names go for anything, he was as much GOD as Christ was; nay, more so, for that was his actual name.

“No, dear Helena, ‘there is but one God, the Father; and one Lord, Jesus Christ’ (I. Cor. viii. 6); to whom all power has been given in Heaven and earth, but of whom the Scripture itself declares that the time is coming when ‘the Son himself shall be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that GOD may be all in all’ (I. Cor. xv. 28). But it has

been the tendency, in all ages, to deify that which the human mind most reverences and loves; and if ever there was one who was worthy of our reverence and love, it was Christ.

“But if ever there was one whose soul would have shrunk from divine honours, and have exclaimed, in holy horror, ‘Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, that is, GOD,’ it was Christ. *See* Luke xviii. 19.

“His greatest happiness was to honour ‘his Father and our Father, his GOD and our GOD,’ *See* John xx. 17. But his teaching and his example alike are forgotten; and his professed followers no longer ‘worship the Father in spirit and in truth,’ as he told them (John iv. 23), but worship himself, and call themselves *Christ*-ians, and their worship *Christ*-ianity.

“Poor Jesus! Could he but have foreseen this, how his gentle spirit would have been aroused to indignation; and with what vehemence would he have exclaimed, ‘See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren, the prophets. Worship GOD!’—Rev. xxii. 9. ‘I honour my Father, and ye do dishonour me.’”—John viii. 49.

It was, as has been said, Easter day; and although Ernest could not but protest against the Athanasian creed, that did not prevent his devoutly joining in those parts of the service which commended themselves to his conscience.

He said that if we were never to join our fellows in

public worship until we found a church with whose doctrines we heartily agreed in every particular, there would be little or no public worship at all.

There is vagueness in the Bible, that men's judgments may be exercised to discern good and evil, and the strength of their hold on the verity of the Fatherhood of GOD be tested ; while, as regards their duty to their fellow creatures, their hearts learn the greatest of all lessons—charity.

The sermon was on earthly cares ; the text being from Mark xvi. 3—"And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away."

The preacher remarked that, notwithstanding all Christ's teaching about not taking anxious thought for the morrow, no sooner was he dead, than two of those who had most intimately enjoyed the privilege of his society were needlessly troubling themselves about a future event—"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ?"

"There is," said he, "a Spanish proverb which runs thus :—'How much trouble have those evils cost us which have never happened !' Yes, the future is uncertain ; we may not live to see it ; and even if we do, why should we anticipate its cares, and take them upon us, in addition to those which will inevitably come with each day ? Why overweight ourselves ? 'Suffi-

cient unto the day is the evil thereof,' said the divine teacher.

"It is an old evil; each generation from the first has suffered from it; but, thank GOD, there is an effectual remedy: it is love to GOD, and the consciousness of His love to us. This interchange of 'perfect love' casteth out fear. (I. John iv. 18.)

"And how is love to GOD to be acquired? By the knowledge of His love to us.—'We love Him because He first loved us.' (I. John iv. 19.) 'And in this was manifested the love of GOD toward us because that GOD sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.' (I. John iv. 9.) 'GOD commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'" (Rom. v. 8.)

The preacher concluded by saying, "Never be afraid of man; 'Sanctify the Lord of Hosts Himself, and let Him be your fear, and He shall be for a sanctuary'; (Isa. viii. 13, 14)—'a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.'" (Isa. xxv. 4.)

At the conclusion of the sermon, the following hymn was sung:—

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?  
That which weeping ones were saying  
Eighteen hundred years ago,  
We, the same weak faith betraying,  
Say in our sad hours of woe.

*WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS  
I THEE ENDOW.*

251

XLV.]

Looking at some trouble lying  
In the dark and dread unknown,  
We, too, often ask with sighing,  
“Who shall roll away the stone?”

Thus with care our spirits crushing,  
When they might from care be free,  
And, in joyous song out-gushing,  
Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee.  
For, before the way was ended,  
Oft we’ve had with joy to own,  
Angels have from Heav’n descended,  
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o’er us.  
Never pours on us its rain ;  
Many a grief we see before us,  
Never comes to cause us pain.  
Oftimes in the feared “to-morrow”  
Sunshine comes,—the cloud has flown !  
Ask not then, in foolish sorrow,  
“Who shall roll away the stone?”

Burden not thy soul with sadness ;  
Make a wiser, better choice ;  
Drink the wine of life with gladness ;  
God doth bid thee, man, “Rejoice !”  
In to-day’s bright sunlight basking,  
Leave to-morrow’s cares alone ;  
Spoil not present joys by asking,  
“Who shall roll away the stone?”

After this hymn, there was a short prayer; and then the preacher said, "Before we part on the morning of this Easter day, I should like us to sing one more hymn, a hymn expressive of the heart's trust in GOD, and of its delight in nearness to him; and I hope that you each, individually, will join in it, 'singing with the spirit and with the understanding also.'"

*STILL WITH THEE.*

Though riches should depart,  
And friends all turn away,  
No grief shall crush my heart  
If Thou with me wilt stay;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

What though I be bereft  
Of all that most I need?  
If Thou to me art left,  
I still am rich indeed;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

The world may coldly frown;  
My heart's in Heaven above:  
I wear a nobler crown  
Than merely human love;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

XLV.] *WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS  
I THEE ENDOW.*

253

Not that I e'er despise  
The love of earthly friends ;  
But from all earthly ties,  
My soul to Thee ascends ;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

Mine eyes, with many a tear  
Of sorrow, oft are wet ;  
But when I feel Thee near,  
My griefs I soon forget ;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

Oh, then, while here I stay,  
Be this my one request ;  
My stricken heart to lay  
Upon Thy loving breast ;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

And when I hence depart,  
Grant me in Heaven a place ;  
And be it near Thy heart,  
And let me see Thy face ;  
For Thou, my God, art all in all to me,  
And life's most rapturous thought is  
"Still with Thee."

At the end of the week, Ernest returned to town to be ready for the hearing of the appeal in the case of Askwyth v. Askwyth.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

The appeal on the ground of the judgment being contrary to law, came before the Court of Appeal in due course; and counsel for the defendant, after reciting the facts of the case, (which being reported on p. 83, need not be repeated here) and briefly recapitulating the arguments on each side and the decision then come to, stated that he had advised an appeal against that decision, because the finding of the court was contrary to law, and was unsustained by the authority of precedent. Back to time immemorial there is no instance of such a judgment. He staked the issue of the appeal upon that one fact; and, believing that their lordships would agree with him, he prayed that the judgment of the court below might be reversed, and so justice be done to his client, and the righteousness of the law, as it had been administered for centuries, might be vindicated.

Ernest Aldam rose with perfect composure; and, with that calm dignity of mien which befitted the occasion, said,—“My Lords, believe me it is the consciousness of my duty, rather than the promptings of my inclination, which impels me to address your lordships on a question of jurisprudence.

“With your lordships, the intricacies of the law are

as simple as A. B. C. ; with me, on the contrary, I am but in the A. B. C. of those intricacies.

“I trust therefore, my Lords, that my remarks will, in themselves, be considered as offered rather as the tentative suggestions of a student, than as the arrogant assertions of one who is too self-opinionated to be instructed ; and that any apparent presumption on my part will be overlooked as arising from the fact that I am here, not by my own seeking, but by the choice of others, to plead their cause.

“But,” continued he, “even inexperience sometimes has its advantages. In the present case, for example, while my learned friend affirms that the present state of the law, respecting the property of husband and wife, has existed from time immemorial, and is so sanctioned by precedent that he stakes the issue of this appeal upon that circumstance alone ; I bring to the subject a mind untrammelled by the influence of precedents, and therefore wholly free to regard the case in the light of abstract equity.

“And I am sure that if I show to your lordships that a grievous wrong exists, and has existed for ages, its antiquity will be no bar to your condemnation of it ; but will, the rather, be considered an additional reason for its immediate removal.

“Its antiquity and continuity, so far from sanctioning it, add to the enormity of the evil which it has perpetrated ; to the proof of which I would now address

myself, were it not that the mere mention of the fact is sufficient to establish so self-evident a truism. A lie may, by reiteration, come to be believed, but it never can become a truth.

“What if, for generations, wives have meekly borne the indignity and injustice to which they have been subjected; does their patience and forbearance make the indignity less an indignity, or the injustice less an injustice?

“Such questions need no answer; they answer themselves. Let me, then, without taking up more of your lordships’ time, say that the antiquity of the present state of matters is freely admitted, but not the deduction which my learned friend would draw from it. The wrong has existed, and the remedy has existed; but the battle for the subversion of the wrong has never been fought until now.

“My learned friend has said that he stakes the issue of this appeal upon the simple fact of the *status quo* of this question for generations. I come before you, as men have often come, with the object of asking you to establish a precedent, and to give force and legal effect to that part of the marriage covenant wherein the husband endows his wife with all his worldly goods. I claim for the wife that this covenant gives her a right to the joint ownership of the husband’s property during life, and that all which the legal precedents, to which my friend has referred, decide is, that during

the marriage partnership the husband shall have the management of the partnership estate. I ask your lordships to hold that, upon the dissolution of that marriage partnership, the wife is entitled to a partition of the estate, and that therefore the court will accord to her a moiety of the husband's income.

"To the covenant itself I now beg your lordships' attention. It was entered into between the contracting parties on the 21st day of August, 1886, in the parish church of St. James, Piccadilly, and was to the effect that, on the plaintiff and defendant becoming one by marriage, the defendant endowed his wife with all his worldly goods; not for her sole and separate use, of course; that was never contemplated, nor was it stated; but, as is obvious, for their joint and mutual benefit; the husband's words being,—*'With all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!'*

"There is no dispute as to his having used those words; there is no dispute as to their having been uttered in the presence of witnesses; and there is no dispute as to the covenant, of which those words formed a part, having been ratified by the signatures of the contracting parties. The endowment clause formed an integral part of the covenant entered into; and I need not remind your lordships that a covenant can be binding only as a whole. The entire contract must be carried into effect.

“ ‘There is no instance,’ said Lord Hardwicke, ‘of decreeing a partial performance of articles ; the court must decree all or none.’ Therefore, if it be decreed that the endowment clause in the marriage covenant is void, the marriage itself is void ; and if this marriage, then all other marriages in the Church of England ; and the children of those marriages are all illegitimate, and nine-tenths of the landed estates and titles of nobility in the kingdom are not in the possession of their rightful owners !

“It may be said that the endowment was but a verbal agreement. Even granting that ; what is the whole of the marriage ceremony, with all its covenants, but a verbal agreement ? And is not that binding ? And, if that is binding, this also is binding ; for, it is a part of it.

“Moreover, there has been a part performance of the covenant by cohabitation ; and, as Lord Cottenham said, ‘Courts of Equity exercise their jurisdiction, in decreeing specific performance of verbal agreements where there has been part performance ; [and they do this] for the purpose of preventing the great injustice which would arise from permitting a party to escape from the engagements he has entered into, after the other party to the contract has, upon the faith of such engagements, acted in execution of the agreement’ ; and, as Lord Justice Fry says, ‘cohabitation is a sufficient act of part performance.’

“And that the husband has power to enter into the said covenant, is proved by the fact that, on marriage, all property, not exclusively the wife’s, becomes vested in the husband; and he is free to give it away, to gamble it away, or to fool it away in any other manner; no law exists to restrain him. But he cannot give it away and still retain it; and that he does give it away when he employs the solemn words which I have quoted, is evident, if language has any meaning at all, and the words used are intended to have their obvious meaning.

“If they have not their obvious meaning, what meaning have they? What is it that is done ‘in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost’? In short, are they honest words, or are they a blasphemous lie instigated by the Church of England? Will your lordships stigmatize them as such, and thereby pronounce them to be a delusion and a snare by which our mothers, our wives, our sisters, and our daughters have been entrapped into concubinage? For, as I have said, if one part of the marriage covenant be declared void, the whole is void, and we are bastards!”

Ernest sat down; and counsel for the defence, feeling himself unable to combat the common-sense arguments of the young barrister, simply said, “My Lords, as I stated at first, I rely upon the precedent established by the ruling of the courts for centuries

concerning the husband's rights with regard to his property."

The arguments of the young barrister were so powerful, and, therefore, so convincing, and the consequences of those arguments, whether accepted or rejected, and accepted they must be, were so astounding, that those persons who were in the court were literally bereft of speech, and stared at each other as if dazed by the sudden influx of light which had burst upon their minds.

Their lordships consulted together for a few minutes, and then said that the court deferred its judgment until Tuesday of the ensuing week.

On the day appointed, the senior Lord Justice delivered the judgment of the court in the following words:—"That whereas counsel for the defence staked the issue of the appeal upon precedent, but had failed to show any precedent affecting the marriage covenant; and whereas, though the endowment clause does not necessarily form part of every marriage covenant as by law established, it did form part of it in the case under consideration, and is, therefore, from the very nature of a covenant, as binding as is any other part of the covenant, for it is a maxim in equity that a covenant is binding as a whole, or no part of it is binding: moreover, the fact that all estate becomes the property of the husband on marriage, so far from being adverse to the legality of the endowment, is entirely in

its favour; for it is the circumstance of the property being his, that gives him the right and the power to make the endowment; which endowment he unquestionably did make in the most solemn words which it is possible to employ. We, therefore, have no alternative but to confirm the judgment of the court below."

Ernest was overwhelmed with congratulations, and briefs poured in upon him from all quarters.

He at once telegraphed the news of the result, to his father, to Helena, to Claude, and to Thornton; and asked the latter to call on him when in town.

Harold Hope conveyed the news to old Mr. Stanhope, who called on Ernest that evening, and was profuse in his thanks; and, at parting, put into his hand a £1000 bank of England note, in recognition of the service which Ernest had rendered him.





## CHAPTER XLVII.

Agreeably to his word, the gardener, when at the convent, asked his sister to go to the cottage the next time she was out ; and she said that she would do so on the following Monday.

The promise was faithfully kept ; and she entered the cottage soon after the gardener had returned from his day's work.

He told her that he had asked her to call, because the gentleman who was lodging with him wished to have some conversation with her respecting a lady who was in the convent.

She said that it was an unusual request ; but, as her brother took an interest in him, she would give him what information she could, consistently with her duty.

She was a superiorly educated woman, having been at one time a pupil teacher, and subsequently a governess.

The gardener told her the whole story. She was deeply affected, remembering her own lost love ; and she said that she would see Mr. Claude Howard.

Whereupon the gardener knocked at his door ; and, on entering, introduced his sister.

To his astonishment, she suddenly shrieked on seeing

Claude, and would have fallen, had not her brother caught her.

She had fainted.

Claude instantly recalled a remark which the gardener had made to him some days ago, to the effect that he, Claude, bore a very strong resemblance to her sailor sweetheart who was drowned in bravely trying to save a shipmate who had fallen overboard ; and Claude thought, and thought rightly, that the sister had believed, at the first glance, that he was her lost love.

It was fortunate for Claude that she had thought so ; for, it gave her such an interest in him that, on recovering, and realizing her error, she formed the resolution to assist him to the utmost of her ability.

She stayed and talked with him some time, told him that "Sister" Winifred was well, and apparently happy ; "but I can see," added the good sister, "that she has a hidden grief which preys upon her ; and that the light of her smiles is not from the sunshine of the heart's happiness, but is the lurid light flickering from the consuming fire of a hidden passion.

"I have endeavoured to win her confidence, but in vain ; however, when I tell her that you are here, and that I have talked with you, and that you have come to claim from her the fulfilment of her vows to you, she will probably see that those vows, being of prior date to those which she has taken in the convent, have a prior claim on her, and her womanly heart will rejoice to

meet you again. I will do my best for you both. Good night."

She hastened to the convent, and took the first opportunity the next day, when she saw Winifred alone, to tell her that she had learned the cause of her secret sorrow, and that she was glad to be able to acquaint her with the fact that Claude was alive, and was, at that moment, within a stone's throw of the convent, and had come to claim of her the fulfilment of her loving vows to him.

She nearly swooned for joy; and then came a terrible spasm of the heart, as she remembered her convent vows; and she fell senseless on the floor of her cell.

"Poor child!" said the good sister, as she knelt beside her and chafed the delicate hands, and used every means to restore her to consciousness, and at last succeeded.

Then, raising her, she seated her on the lowly bed; and, putting one arm round her, sat by her side.

"Lean upon my breast, dear," said the good sister; and, as she did so, they both burst into tears, the one from utter wretchedness, the other from loving sympathy.

It was a picture to make the very angels weep,—these two noble women battling with the demon of despair in that lonely cell!

The storm in poor Winifred's mind was terrible.

She remembered the vows which, in the sunshine of her days of happiness, she had plighted to Claude; and she remembered, also, the vows which, in the darkness of her night of sorrow, she had taken in the Convent of Roselands.

“Roselands”? Yes that is the name of the convent, and the thorns of the roses were now piercing her soul.

But the tears relieved the overburdened heart; and when Winifred had somewhat regained command of her feelings, the two knelt down in prayer to the Father of Mercies.

There was no need for words, nor was it possible at first to utter any. But the grief of their hearts was itself the most eloquent of prayers in the ears of the All-loving; and they both remembered with gratitude that His Spirit helpeth the infirmities of those whose groanings cannot be uttered.

At last, in words rendered almost inaudible by sobs, Winifred poured forth her soul to the God of All Comfort, beseeching Him and entreating Him for guidance and strength. And, according to His gracious promise, “Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart,” He was found of her,—her prayer was heard; and there came into her soul a holy peace, accompanied by a resolution ever to cast her burden upon the Lord.

They could not remain long together; for, the religious services were almost incessant. They parted

with a loving embrace, and with the promise to see each other again at the first opportunity.

Fortunately their cells were next to each other ; and that night, after the sister whose office it was to go round and see that all lights were out, had visited the cells, Winifred crept out of her own little bed, and stole into that of her friend for sympathy.

She desired her to tell Claude that her heart was still his, but that she did not dare to encourage the hope of ever seeing him again ; and a fresh flood of tears convulsed her.

Her friend folded her to her heart, and assured her that she would do all that she could for her ; but that at present it seemed to be limited to prayer.

“ Limited ” to prayer ? Thank God that though the poor broken heart may be limited to that comforting resource, and though the prayers themselves may be limited by our want of faith, the effect of prayer is illimitable. We may be straitened in ourselves, but we are not straitened in God ; and His gracious invitation is, “ Open thy mouth *wide*, and I will fill it ” ; “ Concerning the work of My hands, *command* ye Me ” ; “ *All things* whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”

Truly, prayer is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence !

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Ernest's telegram to Harry Thornton found him returned from Venice; and on the following day he called on Ernest at his chambers in New Burlington Street.

Thornton having, in addition to the information conveyed by Ernest's telegram, read in the daily papers at his club, the announcement of the result of the appeal, together with the leaders on that important decision, congratulated Ernest most heartily, and was by him invited to be his "best man" at his wedding,—an invitation which he cordially accepted.

He then asked about Claude, and was told all that was known of him through his letters; on hearing which, he said, "I tell you what, Aldam, I do not like leaving Howard to fight that battle alone, though I am sure that he is perfectly well able to do it.

"I should enjoy helping him to rescue his lady love. Let us run down and bring matters to a climax. I am always game for anything like a tussle."

"Agreed," said Ernest, "I will go with the greatest pleasure."

So it was arranged that they should leave Victoria by the 10.15 train in the morning.

Claude knew nothing of their coming; therefore, when they arrived, he had gone out again fishing with the gardener, who was telling him what he had learned from his sister since she had acquainted Winifred with his being at the cottage.

"Her trouble, yer see, Sir," said the gardener, "is them vows as she has taken. But, as I tells my sister, her vows to you, Sir, wer' first; and as she ain't been absolved from them by your death, they be binding on her.

"She said she'd told t'priest, and t'priest said as he'd speak to t'bishop; and, next time he saw her, he said t'bishop wouldn't let her come out because her vows to t'church came afore all others.

"But, between you and me, Sir, they know she's got some money, and that's why t'vows to t'church come afore all others. And what's t'church?—a lot o'priests, that's all.

"I asked my sister what t'vows were; and she said they was poverty, obedience, and chastity.

"'Poverty' means giving up everything to t'church; 'obedience' means yielding up yersel', body and soul, to t'dictation o' t'priests; and 'chastity' means never getting married; though what there is that's unchaste i' marriage, I don't know; and if marriage means unchastity, then t'Virgin Mary wer' unchaste, for she wer' married.

“And if that ain’t t’meaning o’ chastity, what is t’meaning? Requiring such a vow, then, Sir, is either a slander on t’Virgin Mary, and on their own mothers, or it is a gross and shamful insult to t’women. And then, in t’confessional, t’priests cross question t’women about their vows, and enter into *very minute particulars*, my sister tells me. They be a damned bad lot! Sir, them priests”; and the colour mounted to the old man’s face, and glowed through his weather-beaten skin; “and,” continued he, “if Heaven is to be full of ’em, I hopes GOD ’ll find some other place for such as me.

“Yer see, Sir, them priests is cunning uns. A woman gives up her property, and then, o’ course, she’s obliged to stay, or go out and be a beggar. She vows not to marry, or do anything else in that line, but t’priests take care that some on ’em have babies; that was proved by the hundreds and hundreds o’ dear little babies’ bones found in t’convents when King Henry the Eighth dissolved t’religious houses.

“T’priests, too, take vows o’ chastity. If I wer’ t’pope, Sir,” he said, lowering his voice, “I’d make every one of them black gentlemen give proof of his sincerity by being castrated when he took that vow. They should have no chance o’ breaking it.”

The gardener and Claude were returning to shore, and Claude was rowing while the former talked, consequently he did not see Ernest and Harry Thornton



standing on the beach, until the gardener said, "I see there's some more visitors come down."

Claude turned his head, and instantly recognized them; and, with a few vigorous strokes, soon ran the boat up the shingle, and was grasping them heartily by the hand.

They congratulated him on his improved appearance; and he told them that he felt much stronger, and asked whether they had come to stay.

"Yes," said Ernest, "if there is anywhere to put up at."

"I will ask my landlord," said Claude, "this is he." And turning to the gardener who was hauling the boat high up out of reach of the tide, he said, "Can you accommodate my friends, as well as myself, for a night or two, Hodge?"

"Well, sir, I've two more beds, but," looking at Thornton, "one o' yer friends is such a long un, I'm afeared my bed's too short."

"Oh," said Thornton, laughing, "that is a trifle; I am accustomed to roughing it."

So it was agreed that they should all stay at the cottage; Ernest and Claude occupying a double bedded room. This was unavoidable; but they did not mind.

Of course the relief of Winifred was the topic of conversation.

Claude told them that she was desirous to escape, but was detained by the bishop's orders; or, at least, it

came to that, for he would not give his permission for her to leave; and, without that, those in charge were bound, by their vows of obedience, to detain her.

"We will see about that," said Thornton. "Can we get to her?"

Claude said, "The only way will be for me to disguise myself as a woman,—fortunately I am delicate enough to pass as one—and ask to see her. Then when she has come to see me, which, I understand, will be in about a quarter of an hour after, you force your way in; and we must trust to the chapter of accidents for what is to follow. The gardener's sister, with whom I have discussed some such plan, has promised that the door shall not be bolted after I have entered."

It was therefore arranged that the gardener was to tell his sister when he went to the convent in the early morning, and she was to tell Winifred that, at 12 o'clock that day, Claude disguised as a Miss Howard, and assisted by her brother and a friend, would make an effort to rescue her, and that she must be prepared to escape.

One difficulty they had overlooked—where was Claude to get a woman's dress?

The gardener's sister had only her convent attire; and that would not do. But his niece, who was acquainted with the object of Claude's visit to Walmer, and fully sympathized with the lovers in their trouble, said, as she laid the supper cloth, her face suffused with

blushes, whilst roguish mirth sparkled in her dark eyes, "If Mr. Howard wouldn't mind wearing my best black gown, he's quite welcome to it; and I think it would fit him."

A burst of laughter, in which the girl joined, followed this kind offer which exactly met the difficulty.

"Thank you very much," said Claude; "but I shall not know which way to get into it, and may be putting it on wrong side foremost, as a brother of mine did a new shirt which had just come home, and which had been made to button at the back, instead of down the front, as he had been accustomed to have them. 'Confound that stupid chemisier,' he said, as he looked at himself in the glass after putting it on and buttoning it in front, 'the fool has stuck the front of the shirt on behind!'"

The picture which this story called up was so ridiculous that they all heartily laughed.

"That I may not make such an ass of myself," said Claude to the niece, "you will have to dress me. Shall I want stays?"

"I don't think," said Thornton, looking first at the maiden, and then at him, "that you will need any lacing in; you will more likely want puffing out."

"We shall see," said Claude, turning to the girl, "you kindly bring me the dress after supper."

Accordingly after supper the dress was brought in; and the merriment which it caused was really absurd.

Claude divested himself of coat and waistcoat, tucked the collar of his shirt down his neck, and turned up his sleeves. Then, with the girl's assistance, he proceeded to put on the dress.

It really was not a bad fit; only, as Thornton had said, it wanted padding in front.

However, a couple of large pocket handkerchiefs crumpled up got over that difficulty; but, behind, the dress fell as straight as a lady's back hair.

"Why, you require padding behind, as well as in front," said Thornton, whose mirth was most uproarious. "How will you manage that? old fellow. You must have some petticoats."

Claude, with a woe-begone air, looked at the maiden, as much as to say, "May I ask such a favour?"

She could scarcely contain herself for laughing; but said, "I will lend you my thick winter one; and I've something else I'll lend you; and, in two or three minutes, she was back again with a thick woollen petticoat under her arm, and in her hand a horsehair something, the like of which none of them had ever seen before. But, realizing what was its use, their laughter was, for a time, uncontrollable.

When Claude was "dressed," he was by no means a bad figure; and his delicate features, attenuated by long illness, favoured the deception as to his sex.

His hair, too, which he had allowed to grow long behind to protect the nape of the neck from sunstroke,

in Africa, contributed not a little to his womanly appearance.

A bonnet and black veil completed the toilet, and rendered detection impossible.

The gardener was called to be introduced to "Miss Howard"; and, as has been stated, it was arranged that "she" should call to see Winifred at the convent at 12 o'clock the next day.

Resuming his waistcoat and coat, the three went out for a stroll before retiring for the night.

"We must reconnoitre the convent," said Thornton, "and engage a conveyance to be in waiting close by."

Ernest said, "It will not do for us all to go about that business; it might excite suspicion. I will go alone to the inn, and engage a fly 'to take two ladies to the station.' Then you and I, Thornton, will follow on foot; and we will all go up to town together by the 12.45 train."

This being agreed upon, the fly was engaged for noon the next day; and then the three strolled to the convent, and afterwards down to the beach.

It was a lovely night, and all sounds were merged in the thundering of the billows breaking on the shore, followed by the rattle of the shingle drawn down by the retreating waves, to be succeeded by the booming of another billow, and another recedence of the marbled waters flashing in the moonlight, and again the hurrying of the pebbles down that shingly beach.

The stars shone bright, and all was peaceful as if there were no aching hearts and no sin and sorrow in this sublunary sphere.

"Sublunary?" Yes, the brilliant moonlight fell in splendour from the heavens, and flooded the scene with glory that seemed like a benediction.

Claude silently lifted up his heart in prayer to God, that His benediction might rest on their efforts to free Winifred from the domination of the priests, and from the trammels of an enslaving superstition; asking that, like as the moonlight resting on the troubled waters made a silvery pathway over them, so the blessing of God might irradiate the dark waters of the sea of life, and bridge them over with mercies.

"It seems to me," said Ernest, breaking the silence, "that life and death are very like the ebb and flow of the tide; and human beings are like the pebbles on the shore, worn by the attrition of circumstances. Here is a piece of granite; it represents, to my mind, a man of a rugged nature, but one in whom thought is granulated till it sparkles. Here is a piece of flint, representing a man who dwells alone—a solitary man, but who, on being brought into contact with his fellows, is seen to have a soul of fire. Here is a fragment of sandstone, representing a being—I will not call him a man—that has no heart, and no thought of his own; he is merely a conglomeration of the thoughts of others; and he has in himself no power of fusion by which to melt those

thoughts, and mould them into new ideas. Here is a piece of quartz with a sparkle of gold in it; or is it only the moonlight flashing on a crystal? Most probably the latter; for, pure gold, whether physical, or moral, or intellectual, is rarely found. The pebbles on the beach, and the human beings that walk over them, including ourselves who are moralizing, what are we, but dust in different forms; and soon the tide of existence which is now flowing will ebb, and we shall be carried by the retreating waves into the great ocean of eternity."



## CHAPTER XLIX.

Punctually at 12 o'clock on the following day, Claude, disguised as has been described, presented himself at the door of the convent; and, having rung the bell, asked whether "she" could be permitted to see Miss Winifred Aldam, and gave his name as "Miss Howard."

Now, the name "Howard," being that of a cardinal in the Romish church, the request created a degree of curiosity in the mind of the Mother Superior; and she at once gave her permission for the interview; and "Miss Howard" was forthwith admitted.

The room into which "she" was shown was evidently the one into which Winifred's father had been shown when he called to see her; and it was recognized by Claude from Ernest's description of it to him, the most noticeable feature of it being the double grating in one of the walls about six or eight inches thick, the bars of the far side of which were of wood, but those of the near side were of iron.

After waiting about a quarter of an hour, Claude saw Winifred, accompanied by the Mother Superior, come to the grating.

He bowed to the latter, and then, in a falsetto voice,



asked Winifred how she was; and he stated that as "she" was passing near on "her" way from the continent, "she" felt that it was imperative to call to see her.

At this moment the door opened, and, to the astonishment of the Mother Superior, Ernest and Thornton entered unannounced.

They bowed to her, and Ernest at once said, "Madam, you must pardon this intrusion, but my sister, Miss Aldam, who I see is here, is required by her father to return to her home. I therefore, on his behalf, thank you for your kindness to her, and request you at once to release her, and allow her to accompany us. Miss Aldam will tell you that my statement is true, and that this request is made with her sanction."

"M'sieur, it cannot be, Mees Aldam has made ze vows, and zey must not be broke." (The Mother Superior was a German.)

"Vows or no vows," said Ernest, "no one in England can vow away his or her liberty; the law recognizes no such contract."

"But ze church is above ze law."

"Oh, is it?" said Ernest; "and on that account you refuse to let her out, do you?"

"His Excellency, ze Bishop, he say Mees Aldam must not go."

"One word more," said Ernest, "for my time is short, and I am a man of action; unless you immediately

liberate my sister, we will liberate her ourselves, and you may take the consequences."

"Ze consequences vil be with you."

"All right," said Ernest; "so be it."

"Stand aside, Aldam," said Thornton; and, taking hold of the iron grating, with one wrench with his herculean arms he tore it out of the wall.

The Mother Superior set up a piercing scream; and immediately half-a-dozen priests rushed in and seized Thornton.

"Hands off!" said he in a voice of thunder; and twirling himself round with the agility of a gymnast, he was instantly free.

"What do you men do here, in a convent meant only for women?" he asked; and, seizing the foremost, he hurled him against the rest, and they went down like skittles.

He was at the remaining grating in a moment; and, telling Winifred to take care, he smashed it into splinters, and sent it flying into the room where she was.

His assailants were on him again; and one of them struck at him with part of the iron grating; but he parried the blow with his left arm, and, with his right fist and his full strength, he struck the fellow fair in the forehead, felling him like an ox that has been pole-axed.

During the fray, Ernest had leaped through the

opening, clasped Winifred in his arms, and was back with her in a minute.

“Leave these fellows to me,” said Thornton, “and put the girls into the carriage.”

The noise had brought the whole hive of female drones flying into the adjacent apartment, where the Mother Superior lay in a swoon.

Two of the priests then—one on each side—struck at Thornton simultaneously; but, with the nimbleness of a matador, he stepped aside at the very moment, and each dashed into the face of the other a crashing blow that had been intended for him, and their faces were instantly covered with blood.

“Gentlemen,” said Thornton, “I am glad to see that you can amuse each other without me; so I will leave you to play out the game by yourselves. I wish you a very good day; sorry I can’t stop. Here is my card; let me know who wins”; and, making a profound bow, he left the convent.

The carriage was just driving off; and he and Ernest followed on foot to the station, which they reached in time for the 12.45 train to London.

It was not until they had started, that Claude remembered the nature of his costume. However, he could not change it; so, disguised as a woman, he travelled up to town, forgetful of all else, save that his Winifred was with him.

She was very agitated, and was hysterical with the

excitement for some distance of the journey ; but they had a compartment to themselves, and she recovered her composure after a time, and was overjoyed at being again with her long-lost lover and her brother Ernest ; and, looking timidly at Thornton, said that she felt overwhelmed, and was almost speechless with gratitude to him for his valiant defence of her liberty.

“Don’t mention it,” he replied ; “I’ve really enjoyed it. Such episodes are rare in the epic poem of one’s life. Besides, who would not fight for a lady and for freedom ?”

The priests, of course, were infuriated ; but, not daring to make their doings public, they reinserted the iron grating, plastered up the wall, held close their mouths,—“but cursed inwardly.”



## CHAPTER L.

Not long after the events recorded in the previous chapter, Ernest saw, in the *Morning Post*, among the "fashionable arrivals", the announcement of the return of the Earl of Dovedale, who, it stated, was in very delicate health.

This determined Ernest to see him without delay, and to communicate to him the joyful fact that a descendant of his own was living and was, of course, heir to the title and estates.

Therefore, taking with him all the documentary evidence which he had found in the trunk, also the photograph of his daughter taken after death, and the locket which she had worn containing the earl's likeness and coat of arms and motto, he started for Cromer to consult with Helena and her grandmother (who was the earl's cousin) as to the best mode of procedure.

Arrived there, he laid before them his plans; and it was decided that no time should be lost, but that he and little Edgar should start for Derbyshire on the morrow.

Dovedale Castle was an old feudal building with ivy-mantled towers, and bartizans, and battlements, and donjon, and draw-bridge; and it was intrenched by a moat communicating with the river Derwent, which flowed through the park.

Centuries ago it had braved many a siege; and, though hoar with the winter of years, it still defied the ravages of time and proudly stood in massiveness and strength.

---

Deer were grazing on the velvety sward, or resting under the giant oaks; and the ghostly shadows which for ages had slept beneath the cedars, and had only partially at each sunrise turned over from east to west, to sleep again till at sunset they once more turned their backs to the light, were sombre, heavy and repellent.

In an oak-panelled chamber in the western tower, through the mullioned windows of which the setting sun cast its almost horizontal rays, the lonely earl reclined on a couch.

His sole companion was a faithful deerhound which had once been the pet of his only child, the Lady Lilian; and for her sake he loved it.

His hand was on its head, and he was saying to it, "Where is she, Rollo? Why does she not come to me?"

He did not know that she was sleeping in that quiet churchyard, and that her weary spirit was at rest; and bitter, bitter were the reproaches which he heaped upon himself for his harsh treatment of her.

"Oh! if she would only return to me," he said; and the pent up sorrow of his heart relieved itself by tears.

A low growl from the dog announced that there was a knock at the door, and a footman entered bearing, on a silver salver, a card on which was engraved, "Ernest Aldam."

"Show the gentleman into the library," said the earl, "and say that I will be there shortly, and ask him to excuse a few moments' delay."

The door closed, and the earl wiped away the traces of his emotion, and waited a little while before going to welcome Ernest, whose arrival at the castle gave him great pleasure.

The library was a long room on the ground floor, having at the western end a large bay window filled with armorial bearings in stained glass, and draped by heavy damask curtains.

The ceiling was of carved oak with transverse beams black with age ; and over the huge fireplace were hung a cuirass, a helmet, a sword, and a pair of spurs with fearful rowels, all of the time of the Crusaders.

Into this room, Ernest and the little boy were shown.

The child's attention was instantly attracted by the oriel window ; and it occurred to Ernest that it might be well to hide him behind the curtains until the old earl had been prepared to receive his grandson.

So the little fellow was put there ; and Ernest, opening the casement at the side, told him that he could amuse himself by watching the deer in the park ; but that he was not, on any account, to speak or to come from behind the curtain until he was called.

These arrangements were scarcely carried out when the earl entered and, with evident pleasure, welcomed Ernest to the castle.

"I have come sooner than I should have done," said Ernest, "had I not heard that you were unwell."

"Yes, I have been very ill," he replied ; "but I am

L.] I THEE ENDOW.

better now, thank GOD, and am very pleased to renew our acquaintance. But why did not your friends come with you ? ”

“ They could not conveniently do so, but I have brought with me a little boy who was very anxious to see a castle.”

“ That’s right,” said the old gentleman; “ where is he ? ”

“ Edgar, come here,” said Ernest; “ and let me present you to the earl.”

He at once came from the window, which formed a beautiful background to a charming picture of a little boy in a black velvet suit with heavy lace collar and cuffs.

His cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright with excitement, as with graceful bearing he went up to the earl, who held out his hand to welcome him.

His back being to the light, which streamed through the stained glass window, the old man’s eyes could not distinctly see his features.

“ Is he your son, Mr. Aldam ? ”

“ No,” replied Ernest, “ he is a relative of the lady to whom I am engaged to be married; and, by a singular coincidence, she is a distant relative of yours; consequently this little fellow also is related to you.”

“ Indeed ? ” said the old man; and, taking him between his knees, he turned him to face the window; and, as the light fell on his fair features and blue eyes, the old earl turned deathly pale, and looked at Ernest



so imploringly for an explanation, that Ernest felt constrained, by very pity, to break the suspense and say,

"I see that you recognize the likeness to your long-lost daughter, and I am happy to tell you that this is her son."

"But she, where is she? Oh, tell me!"

"Alas!" replied Ernest, "she is no more. Both she and her husband are dead."

"O Lily! my poor Lily, shall I never see you to ask your forgiveness? GOD be merciful to me, a sinner! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

And the old man sobbed like a child.

Ernest saw that his grief was great, and gently laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, but said nothing, remembering his own lines that

"when the heart is broken

The kindest words of love are those which are unspoken."

After a while, the earl was more composed; and, on Ernest telling the child to go and look out of window again, the old man begged that he might stay.

"So long to have sought for my child to beg her forgiveness, and now to hear that she has gone without one kiss or word of reconciliation is terrible;" and again the old man's frame was convulsed with emotion.

"Let this thought comfort you," said Ernest; "she is in Heaven, and, therefore, you are forgiven by her; for none there have any other spirit than love."

"God bless you, my friend," sobbed the old man. Then, after a moment's silence, he said, "Tell me all you know."

So Ernest related to him all the circumstances of her death and burial, and gave the earl the photograph, which he kissed with tremulous but passionate fondness; the locket also, containing the earl's likeness, which she wore on her bosom; the certificates of the marriage and of the children's births, &c., also he gave him.

How can I ever sufficiently thank you, Mr. Aldam, for all your care for the dead," and again the old man broke down,—“and for the living!”

"Really," said Ernest, "you must not speak of it. Edgar is a good boy; and, sorry as we shall be to lose him, I am happy that your declining years will be brightened by his smile."

"Would you like to stay with me here always?"

"Are you very kind?" asked the child, looking fearlessly into the tear-stained face.

"I fear I have not always been so"; and, sobbing, he covered his face with his withered hands to hide his grief, and to shut out the searching look of those young eyes.

"But will you try to be?" asked the child.

"I will."

"Oh, then, that will do; because if you try, you will find it easy, I know; for, Aunt Helena has often told me so. She says that the little word '*try*' is a wonder-

ful word; it's like magic. But I should like aunt and grandmother and Rover to come."

"I shall be delighted to have them all," said the earl. "Will you, Mr. Aldam, ask them to come? I must thank them all for their great kindness. Besides, the child will be happier to stay if they are with him."

"Certainly I will send your invitation; and I am sure that they will accept it; for, the welfare of the child is as dear to them as it would be if he were their own."

So the invitation was sent, and was accepted for a month; and many more invitations were sent far and wide to welcome home the heir; and there were great rejoicings.

In the festivities and congratulations the old earl recovered his spirits and his health; and he delighted in the companionship of his little grandson; feeling, in the little fellow's mirthfulness, as if he himself were again a child.

He was charmed also with the society of the old lady, his cousin; and was particularly entranced with Helena, for whose tender care of little Edgar, he said he could never be too grateful; and nothing would satisfy the earl but that the forthcoming triple wedding, of which he had been told, should take place at the castle.

Accordingly, it was settled that it should be so.

I have not detained the reader by describing the jubilation at the welcoming back of Claude and Wini-

L.]

*I THEE ENDOW.*

fred ; nor will I take up time in describing the triple wedding and the subsequent festivities. Suffice it to say that in the gothic chapel of the castle, amid marble statuary and recumbent effigies of the Dovedales of past generations, and in the multiple-tinted light which streamed softly through the richly stained glass window over the altar, stood the wedding group.

In the centre was old Mr. Aldam, with the grandmother in a delicate silver-grey moire antique, the train of which was borne by the earl's grandson in purple velvet, with old Spanish point lace cuffs and collar, over which fell his long golden hair.

On the right of the old couple stood Ernest, with Helena, in a soft gauzy silk of a rich cream colour, which well set off her clear brunette complexion, the beauty of which was heightened by a costly necklet of oriental pearls, the gift of Ernest.

On the left stood Claude in military regimentals, with Winifred in a shimmering silk of purest white, and having at her lovely throat a cross of diamonds, the gift of Claude.

The grandmother's dress was trimmed with rose-point lace, and those of the younger brides with Bruxelles gauze. The veils were of point d'Alençon ; and the hair and costumes of the younger brides were decked with sweet-scented orange blossom from the earl's conservatory, and the hair and costume of the old lady, with jasmine.

To complete the picture, the two dogs, Rover and Rollo, had stolen into the chapel, and crouched down, side by side, at the heels of their young master.

The old earl gave away the brides; and Harry Thornton and Harold Hope were best men to the two youthful couples; and Mr. Stanhope was best man to old Mr. Aldam.

The chapel was crowded with guests, and the village children strewed flowers along the path to the chief entrance to the castle.

Thus we will leave the group to enter upon the realization of their dreams of happiness; adding merely that the earl's declining years were lengthened and gladdened by the sunny presence of his grandson, whose mother's and sister's remains, together with those of his father, were deposited in the family vault; that the gardener and his sister left the convent and lived at the lodge at the entrance to the beautiful grounds belonging to Claude; and that the niece became lady's-maid to Winifred; while the little gipsy girl who, having been deserted by her mother, had called at the ivy-covered cottage, as Ernest had told her to do, was taken into the service of Helena, and proved to be a thoroughly trustworthy girl, and a great friend to old Rover, notwithstanding that he had strangled the gipsy, who, by-the-bye, was not really her father;—but thereby hangs a tale which I may tell some other day.

THE END.

## WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Ready for Publication.*

### G. WASHINGTON MOON'S POEMS.

*"My songs in the house of my Pilgrimage."—Psalm cxix. 54.*

Collected Edition, in 2 Vols., 24mo., 5s., cloth gilt.

Vol. 1.—"Elijah the Prophet": An Epic Poem in Twelve Cantos; and other Sacred Poems. (4th Edition.)

Vol. 2.—"Eden, the Garden of God"; Miscellaneous Poems. (4th Edition); and An Essay on "The Essentials of Poetry." (2nd Edition.)

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Mr. Washington Moon knows the secrets of both the strength and the grace of his own tongue."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"Mr. Washington Moon, mighty in prose, is still mightier in poetry, and these beautiful poems must touch the chords of the roughest heart, with their plaintive notes."—*Cambridge Independent Press*.

"They are of elevated morality, of fervent devotion, and of fascinating eloquence in song. We have not for many a day perused a volume of poetry that possesses so many attractive features. It is one series of beautiful and brilliant gems and profound thoughts, set in pure and ornate language."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

"We are bound to say that Mr. Washington Moon's poem is a great work. There is a grandeur and sublimity that remind one of Milton and of Young, even at their best, in the poet's description of the Day of Doom, and also of the Translation of Elijah. It is awarding no slight merit to the author to say that his whole poem breathes the purest morality and the loftiest devotion. Going through it is like going through a cathedral, where, as the grand music rolls on the ear, the eye is almost everywhere enchanted with visions of unearthly interest and scriptural beauty, breaking in richest colours from its storied windows, while the soul is touched and stirred with the deepest emotions of religion."—*The Church and School Gazette*.

### THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES

ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE:

"As if a man had inquired at the Oracle of God."—2 SAM. xvi. 23.

"Call Thou and I will answer; or let me speak, and answer thou me."—JOB xiii. 22.

#### A Year-Book of Scripture Texts.

*Fortieth Thousand.*

1.—DRAWING ROOM EDITION. Small Crown 8vo.

With 13 full-page Photos, from Pictures (by arrangement with Mr. GRAVES), after

ARY SCREFFER,	MILLAIS,	DOBSON,	HERBERT,
MORRIS,	LE JEUNE,	LAUDER,	MUCKE.

Cloth elegant, 10s. 6d.; roan, 13s. 6d.; morocco, 17s. 6d.; calf, &c., 21s. to 42s.

2.—SMALL EDITION. Square 24mo. and royal 32mo.

Cloth bevelled, red edges, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s. and 4s.; morocco, 6s. and 7s. 6d.; russia, &c., 8s. 6d. to 21s.

3.—EDITION FOR DISTRIBUTION. Square 24mo.

Without Blank Diary. Limp, 8d.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; leather, 2s. 6d. to 10s.

## THE SOUL'S DESIRES BREATHED TO GOD IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE.

"Teach us what we shall say unto HIM; for we cannot order our speech  
by reason of darkness."—JOB xxxvii. 19.

**A Book of Prayers for Private and Family Devotion.**

Being Prayers for One Week, based on the Seven Petitions in the  
Lord's Prayer, a Treatise on Prayer in the Words of Scripture, and a  
Selection from the Devotional Portions of the Psalms, arranged for  
Daily Reading at Family Worship.

Third Edition. One volume, Demy 24mo., price 2s. 6d. cloth antique;  
3s. roan, gilt edges.

---

## THE MONOGRAPH GOSPEL.

*Being the Four Gospels arranged in one continuous narrative  
without omission of fact or repetition of statement.*

Second Edition, with Map and Marginal References.  
24mo. cloth 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.

---

## THE DEAN'S ENGLISH.

*A Criticism on the late Dean Alford's Essays on the Queen's  
English.*

Twelfth Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

---

## BAD ENGLISH EXPOSED.

Companion Volume to "The Dean's English."

*A Series of Criticisms showing the Errors and Inconsistencies  
of Lindley Murray and other Grammarians.*

Eighth Edition. Price 2s.

---

## THE REVISERS' ENGLISH.

*A Series of Criticisms, showing the New Testament Revisers'  
Violations of the Laws of the Language.*

Second Edition. Price 3s. 6d.

---

## ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLISH.

Companion Volume to "The Revisers' English."

*A Series of Criticisms, showing the Old Testament Revisers'  
Violations of the Laws of the Language.*

**Illustrated by more than 1000 Quotations.**

Second Edition. Price 3s. 6d.







**OCKER**  
JUL 25 1984

